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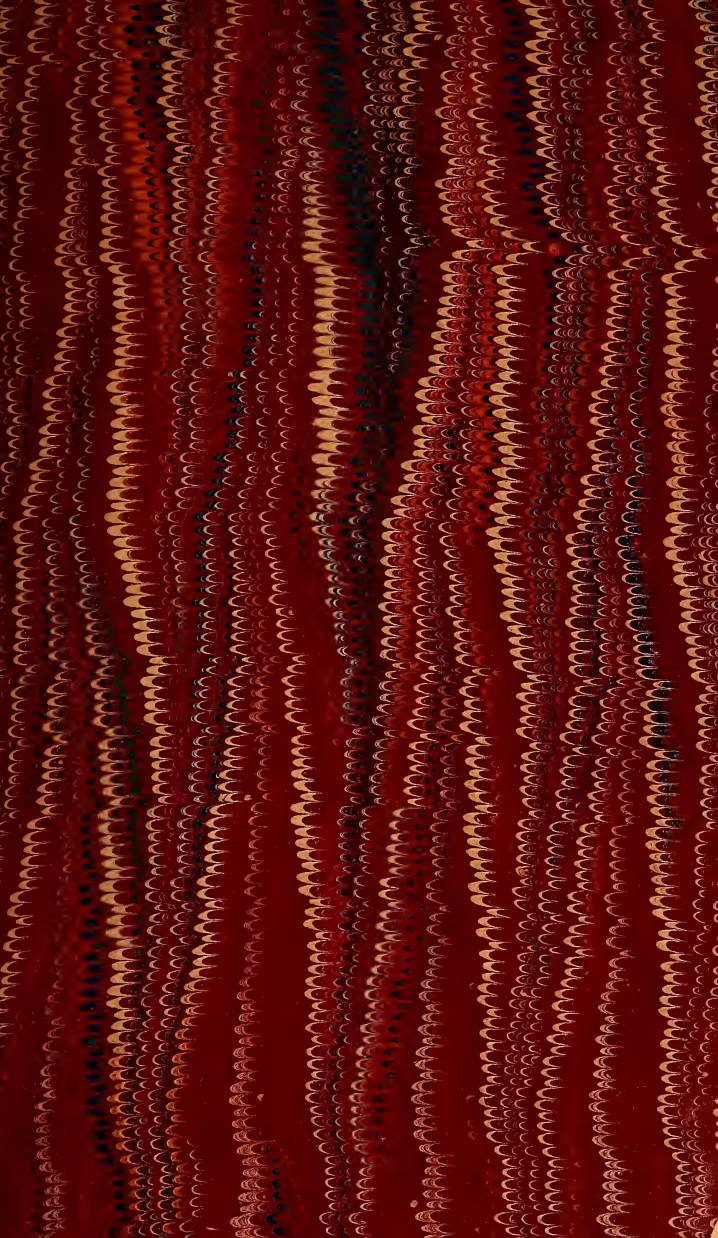
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







Neglected Genius.

A POEM.

ILLUSTRATING THE UNTIMELY AND UNFORTUNATE FATE

OF MANY

BRITISH POETS ;

FROM

THE PERIOD OF HENRY THE EIGHTH TO THE ÆRA OF THE

Unfortunate Chatterton.

CONTAINING

IMITATIONS OF THEIR DIFFERENT STYLES,

&c. &c.

BY

William - my
W. H. IRELAND,

AUTHOR OF THE FISHER BOY, SAILOR BOY, COTTAGE GIRL,

&c. &c. &c.

LONDON:

Printed by W. Wilson, 4, Greville-Street, Hatton-Garden,

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1812.

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1812

DEDICATION.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

William Spencer Cavendish,

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON,

&c. &c. &c.

MY LORD DUKE,

AS the language of adulation and flattery would be repugnant to your enlightened understanding, permit me to assure your Grace, that, in soliciting the enviable patronage of your name, I was prompted only by feelings of respect for your mental acquirements, and more particularly instigated by that beneficence of heart which at all times prompts you to feel for and alleviate the sorrows of the indigent and neglected offsprings of talent.

In contemplating the unvarying conduct of your Grace, I cannot but call to mind the dignified independance which uniformly characterized your illustrious father's career, and the inherent sweetness and philanthropy of the late Duchess of Devonshire, whose combined attributes are so obviously blended in your noble person, that I cannot but hail this epoch as presenting to view a titled individual who ranks pre-eminently conspicuous as the patron of genius and of science.

With every sentiment of the most profound respect, permit me to subscribe myself your Grace's

Most obedient,

And very humble servant,

W. H. IRELAND.

Monody.

STUDY

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THE STUDY OF THE STUDY

Monody

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE

WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

Late Duke of Devonshire.

INSCRIBED (BY PERMISSION) TO

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

O! let me wake the soul-subduing strain,
To breathe my sorrowing bosom's pain;
And pensive melancholy's notes infuse,
To give the mind's inherent anguish scope;
Extinguish'd now sweet soothing Hope,
Sadness, sole tutor of the weeping Muse.

Monody.

If virtue's seal, impress'd upon the mind,
Ennobles e'en the lowly hind,
How radiant beams its lustre in the *Great* !
'Tis then *Nobility* has tenfold sway ;
A sounding *name* may fade away,
But *innate worth* for ever holds its *state*.

Then mourn, my muse ! O strike the solemn string,
Wafted on Fame's immortal wing ;
From earth to heav'n that spirit now is fled,
In which combin'd these attributes appear'd,
For mental worth to all endear'd ;
Its mundane part now slumb'ring with the dead.

Hail, beamy essence ! I in mournful verse,
With conscious diffidence, rehearse
Thy path terrestrial—honour's bright career :
Let me with pathos feeling's soul impart,
Just tribute of an hallowing heart,
That bends with awful reverence o'er thy Bier.

Monody.

O, polish'd marble, thy cold surface shows

The record of her bosom's woes,

The dewy offsprings of a bleeding breast ;

Eliza damps this portal of stern Death,

While, with her tears, the muse's breath

Hails him immortal, and for ever bless'd.

Chaste widow'd Mourner, still with tears bedew

That sacred Urn, which can imbue

Thy worldly thoughts, thus kindling mem'ry's glow;

Each retrospective virtue, fadeless beam,

Embalms thy *Truth* in heav'nly dream,

To soothe the bosom's agonizing woe.

Yet soft—more poignantly to wake the soul,

And ev'ry pensive thought controul,

Truth shall with energy his worth proclaim ;

Here I'll record his *philanthropic mind*,

Eager to bless all human kind,

Yet *modest shrinking* from the voice of *Fame*.

Monody.

As *Patriot* view him shun the courtly crew,
And dauntless ever keep in view
That bright palladium, England's dear renown,
The people's Freedom and the Monarch's good,
Purchas'd with Patriotic blood,
The surest safeguard of the state and crown.

Or now behold his glowing soul extend,
To shine the polish'd social *friend* ;
His country's *matchless Prince* his worth rever'd ;
Gigantic Fox, true Freedom's darling child,
By kindred excellence beguil'd,
To lasting *amity* the temple rear'd.

As *Critic* chaste, his judgment could explore
The beauties of poetic lore,
Or classic strains mellifluent infuse ;
Yet glowing genius and expanded sense
Were crown'd with *innate diffidence*,
The sure attendant of a genuine muse.

Monody.

Thus ev'ry excellence one bosom own'd,
And bright perfection thus enthron'd
The conscious spirit ; dignified, erect,
Majestic mov'd through life's revolving scene,
While *truth* illum'd its course serene,
Join'd with *beneficence* and *intellect*.

Such were the attributes, and such the fame,
O, *Cavendish* ! that grac'd thy name ;
Virtues sublime, which nothing can restore :
To mis'ry's thrill attuning thus my lyre,
Though humble the poetic fire,
That blazons worth which can return no more.

Hail then, memorial of perfection flown,
To share a bright celestial throne ;
All hail ! thou Mausoleum of the Just :
My anguish'd thoughts I'll register with sighs,
While tear-drops, gushing from mine eyes,
Proclaim my reverence for the hallow'd Dust.

Monody.

Yet hold, presumption ;—what are griefs like mine,
Pour'd forth at death's recording shrine,
Compar'd with those that swell the moaning gale?
The widow's sacred sorrows now ascend,
While heav'nly choirs angelic blend
Their tones melodious with the plaintive tale.

Mute be *my* sorrows ; I with reverence greet
This rapt'rous flow of incense sweet ;
An off'ring worthy pure seraphic love :
Hark ! now I hear combin'd the *filial strain*,
Acutely wafting forth its pain
To that all *Righteous Sire* in realms above.

Farewell, cold Urn ! ennobled Dust, adieu !
Farewell the dark and shadowing yew,
With cypress crown'd ! I'll mourn afar Fate's doom ;
The palm of Grief *Eliza's soul* has won,
With *him* who lives, the *Phoenix' Son* :
Such griefs, *great Cavendish*, embalm thy Tomb.

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Preface.

THE shameful neglect which the Sons of Genius have experienced, not only in England, but in distant climes, has been the disgrace of every age and country ; it therefore appears the more extraordinary, that the very æras which have indelibly stamped such conviction should have been uniformly characterized by a similar disregard to the claims of suffering merit. But this is not the only stigma under which human nature labours ; for even where the Genius has not experienced during life the pressure of exigence, it has too frequently occurred that his remains have long

mouldered neglected and forgot, while the brilliancy of his talent has continued to astonish succeeding generations; and of this there cannot possibly exist a more convincing proof, than a reference to the life of the divine *Raphael* will afford, who was interred nearly one hundred and fifty years before a mausoleum was erected to his memory, by that great painter *Carlo Maratti*, who further ennobled himself by raising a tomb over the remains of the justly celebrated *Annibal Caracci*: instances of this kind are however very rare, and many are the sublime characters whose place of interment is not registered by the sculptor's art, or even honoured with the verdant mound that forms the cenotaph of every village hind.

As it would be superfluous to dwell any

longer upon a fact so proverbially known, it may not be amiss to enquire the probable cause of this worldly contempt evinced towards those who, after death, are held up as its greatest ornaments. The mind of a genius differs so widely from that of human nature taken in the aggregate, that a close assimilation between them is rendered impossible: the pursuit of men in general is the accumulation of wealth, for the attainment of which they toil with indefatigable industry; a poet, on the contrary, regards money but as the medium through which he is to procure those enjoyments life affords, and also enable him to administer to the necessities of others. It is very rarely indeed that we find a vigorous fancy rendered subservient to worldly maxims: by this, however, I do not mean to infer that the ebullitions of genius are usually produc-

tive of happiness, but that such is the result of the intellectual powers which are inherent in men of that description ; and therefore the poet should rather experience the world's commiseration, than be hunted to the cave of despair, for a mode of action he is incapable of resisting.

It is with great truth affirmed, that real talent is almost uniformly accompanied with diffidence ; but such a sentiment only exists while gentleness accompanies the manners of the instructor, for, the moment ostentation and the language of arrogance is heard, the natural pride of genius takes the alarm, and the assurance of its real pre-eminence urges it to revolt at the bare supposition of a coercive measure ; and it has but too frequently become manifest, that, owing to some momentary and

unrestrained expression of contempt, the poet has been precipitated from the sumptuous mansion of an affluent patron, to the miserable garret of penury and neglect: still the inherent fire of genius has enabled the sufferer not only to support this transition, but also inspired him with energies to struggle against the tide of adverse fortune: and under such circumstances, what has been the fiat of Society? why, that the poet, having brought his downfall upon himself, deserved the fate which was the result of his own contumacy: yet this very condemned sensation formed as decided a feature in the mind of the former, as the cold unfeeling judgment of the latter was the result of the narrow principles of the community at large. Such, however, is not the only source of the misfortunes incidental to talent: there is another sentiment which in-

stigates the animosity of a portion of society towards the children of Fancy ; it is the malign impulse of envy, that rankles in the souls of *would-be wits*, on beholding another being endowed with intellectual properties, never to be attained by themselves. Such foes of Genius vent their acrimony against the physical, instead of the mental being ; they assail the corporeal, convinced that to attack the intellectual part would terminate in their own exposure and defeat. Hence we find that not only the great and rich, but even the *learned* cannot brook the lofty independence of Genius, while the multitude, absorbed in mundane pursuits, are rendered incapable of appreciating the real value of talent ; thus leaving the enlightened spirit an isolated wanderer on the turbulent ocean of this world, with genius and fancy its sole inheritance.

So lives the poet, so terminates his earthly career: the teeming press at length proclaims his worth, and those who pitiless beheld his exit, lavish unbounded encomiums on the fruits of his talent, and express infinite astonishment at the unfeelingness of mankind at a period so enlightened as that in which they exist. Century succeeds century, and poet follows poet; still the practice continues uniform, though precept has invariably dictated the mode of conduct which humanity alone should put in practice, if no other reverential feeling prompted to the benevolent action.

In adverting to the ensuing pages, the author cannot refrain from stating, that they are the offsprings of a gloomy retrospect operating upon the mind, after the contemplation of persecuted and neglected Genius in our native

country. The intention of the writer is to give utterance to his agonized feelings, however conscious of the little practical good that can result, and the inadequate powers of the muse, in conveying those poignant emotions that pervade his soul : if, however, from the perusal of his lay, the tear of pity should flow, and a sentiment of indignation animate the reader's breast, the offering will be acceptable to the departed children of Genius, and afford a pleasing though melancholy recompence for the labours of a sorrowing bard.

Sol occubit ; nox nulla secuta est.

Invocation to Genius.

----- PICTORIBUS ATQUE POETIS

QUIDLIBET AUDENDI SEMPER FUIT ÆQUA POTESTAS.

SHADES of departed genius nerve the brain,
And thou, fell indignation, quench my pain.
No hackney'd theme awakes the muse's ire,
No common griefs my bleeding soul inspire;—
I sing neglected worth, I mourn the doom
Of genius slumb'ring in the silent tomb :
I weep the sons of fire—Apollo's race,
And blush to own my country's dire disgrace :
Say, Britons, where was then your boasted pride ?
Though merit pin'd, your succour was denied ;
You mark'd cadav'rous famine's squalid frame
Blast the bright impulse of the sons of fame ;

Unmov'd you saw stern mis'ry's iron hand
Wrench struggling worth from freedom's vaunted land;
Nor did one lib'ral mind afford relief,
To chase wan poverty and dew-eyed grief.
O! shame, my countrymen, is this the earth
That nurtures charity of heav'nly birth;
Is such the spirit proud Britannia fir'd,
When fancy's offspring famishing expir'd?
Yes; such (heart-rending thought) has been her stain,
Has been!—(sad truth:)—and shall be o'er again.
Ah! that my verse possess'd resistless sway,
And like the salutary beams of day,
Which wide diffuse a soul-inspiring light,
Cou'd chase from mental realms the clouds of night;
Absorb that fell obduracy, which shows
The bosom callous to the poet's woes.
Yet vain the hope, no radiance I possess,
To melt the heart, and succour keen distress;
The task is mine to paint starv'd genius fled,
Enkindling shame where feeling's voice is dead.

Yet shou'd one spirit, blushing, own the plea,
And succour merit nipp'd by penury ;
Shou'd I with inspiration fire one breast,
To pilot sorrow to the port of rest ;
At pity's voice, shou'd mundane tempests cease,
And lull life's bark in haven of sweet peace ;
For such reward, attendant on her lays,
Her voice the muse exulting loud shall raise ;
While beamy hope will paint some halcyon time,
When joys reward the fervid sons of rhyme,
As justice, rearing high her even scale,
Shall scarf past anguish in oblivion's veil.

Come, blissful period, with celestial guise,
Show youth all purity and age all wise ;
Restore those golden times the muse hath sung,
When Hybla's honey dropp'd from ev'ry tongue ;
As thro' the reed mellifluent pour'd the strain,
Each bard a shepherd of Arcadia's plain :

Presumptive fancy, check thine airy course,
Abandon metaphor, give truth full force ;
Forget that golden age thou ne'er canst find,
Meet nature as it is, with iron mind ;
Apply the goading spur ;—a lash of steel,
Will ne'er make wince the heart that cannot feel.

Edmund Spenser.

SIC ITUR AD ADSTRA.

COME forth, great *Spenser*, thou shalt lead the van,
In whom the muses deified the man ;
Thy *Kalender* (*a*) the gentle theme retails
Of loving shepherds in their peaceful vales,
Whose dulcet notes the fair one's beauties praise,
As round the swains their fleecy wand'ers graze ;
While pristine innocence and homely worth,
Shine the true types of sterling bliss on earth.
But if we soar with *Edmund* from this scene
Of simple bliss, and view his *Fairy Queen* ;
Trace all the mazes of exub'rance wild,
And view at once fond fancy's darling child :

Amazement seizes the delighted thought,
So short the space with such expansion fraught :
Mark but the transient lapse from *Chaucer's* (b) time,
That first great father of his country's rhyme,
Who dar'd discard the Norman's galling chain,
And give the English tongue unfetter'd reign :
From mighty *Geoffrey's* day, the muse lay mute ;
Till noble *Surry* tun'd Italia's lute ;
In tend'rest sonnets breath'd his bosom's pain,
And sainted *Geraldine* at love's bright fane.
Ill-fated youth, a jealous despot's rage,
With bloody signet, clos'd thy loving page :
The tyrant robb'd thee of thine earthly part,
And gorg'd the axe ;—true emblem of his heart. (c)
Surry now mute ;—farewell the poet's song,
No minstrel join'd the bigot Mary's throng ;
Heywood alone his *Spider's* (d) web entwin'd,
To prove the Papist's subtilty refin'd ;—
Champion of bigotry, whose numbers paint
Each son of Papedom canoniz'd a saint ;

Whose fancy, shackled, chimes one passing knell ;
And dooms all sectaries the fiends of hell.
Such was the road to high Parnassus' fount,
The madd'ning steep bold *Spenser* dar'd surmount ;
Before his muse all competition fled,
E'en envy slunk abash'd, and droop'd her head ;
He stood the muse's rock of Albion's plain,
'The fire-fraught genius of Eliza's reign.
Arcadian *Sidney* (*e*) first his worth confess'd,
And stood forth patron of the bard distress'd ;
Made smooth the rugged path to high support,
And led him, shrinking, to a brilliant court.
Suppliant he own'd the sov'reign's dread renown,
And lowly bent before a maiden's crown :
That subtle queen, whose policy could melt,
And own the pathos mighty *Spenser* felt.
Amaz'd the sov'reign listen'd to his lays,
And season'd with reward the well earn'd praise ; (*f*)
The sordid statesman heard unmov'd the theme,
No verse to him so bright as Croesus' beam.

Nor was obtain'd the golden store in view,
Till *Edmund's* wit procur'd the poet's due.
Yet, tho' the beams of courtly favor shone,
His closing life distress was doom'd to moan ;
Robb'd of those gifts Hibernia's chief (*g*) bestow'd,
Of lands bereav'd, and forc'd from calm abode ;
His lot was penury, and London found
His last estate—the grave—in hallow'd ground ;
Thus *Edmund* suffer'd, thus his spirit sigh'd ;
So droop'd bright genius—so the poet died.

John Milton.

NATURA IPSA VALERE, ET MENTIS VIRIBUS EXCITARI, ET QUASI
QUODAM DIVINO SPIRITU AFFLARI. *Cicero.*

To thee, gigantic genius, next I'll sound
The clarion string, and fill fame's vasty round ;
'Tis *Milton* beams upon the wond'ring sight,
Rob'd in the splendor of Apollo's light ;
As when from ocean bursting on the view,
His orb dispenses ev'ry brilliant hue,
Crowns with resplendant gold th' horizon wide,
And clothes with countless gems the buoyant tide ;
While through the boundless realms of æther blaze,
On spotless azure, streamy saffron rays :—
So o'er the world of genius *Milton* shone,
Profound in science—as the bard—*alone*.

No subject vast but own'd his mental reign,
Angels themselves, applauding, grace his train ;
His pow'r so sov'reign—so sublime the spell,
He soars to heav'n, or plunges into hell ;
Pictures the regions of eternal bliss,
Or boldly paints the fathomless abyss ;
From angels clad in pure empyrial glow,
Descends to chaos and the realms of woe ;
Or from extolling God with hallowing breath,
Terrific blazons Satan, sin, and death.
Nor less he proves imagination's heat,
When magic (*h*) o'er his thoughts usurps the seat :
Fancy with rapid vans proclaims the lay,
And mystic spirits his commands obey ;
Minions of evil flit thro' ev'ry scene,
While virtue, inly arm'd, remains serene :
Or summons from her cell the pensive (*i*) muse,
Milton her melancholy can infuse,
While jocund mirth, with Momus' laughing band,
From his prolific brain dance hand in hand :

Mortal or scenes immortal he cou'd scan,
Endless the race his tow'ring spirit ran.
If such the poet—such his force sublime,
With mind capacious as unmatch'd his rhyme ;
If more than mortal themes his pen display'd ;
If more than mundane thoughts his fancy ray'd ;
Where slept refinement, when years roll'd away,
And scarce one mind paid homage (*j*) to his lay :
This heav'nly record by no praise was grac'd ;
His *Fall of Man* enroll'd *the fall of taste*.
This mighty bard, though conscious of his worth,
Scarce gain'd the plaudits of the sons of earth ;
Sunk to the grave, and left a future age
To hail with reverence his glorious page.
Disgraceful apathy ; can this be known,
And Britain still avow her genius prone
To foster worth, and from untimely fate
Rescue the *living* who are truly *great* ?
How false the boast, on Albion's sea-girt shore,
Mæcena's ne'er display'd the fost'ring store ;

For ever mute the soul-reviving breath
Of glowing patronage, till, rob'd in death,
The late exalted spirit lacks no aid,
From earth translated to Elysium's shade :
Thus he who ne'er for wealth had cause to sue, (*k*)
Lack'd during life the meed of praise, his due ;
And like the bark which erst Ulysses bore,
By tempests beaten from the destin'd shore,
So genius to life's billows spreads the sail,
And meets the veering of each fateful gale ;
With manly dignity o'er surges rides,
And dares the battl'ing of opposing tides.
But when some fav'ring wind his course impels,
The glowing soul with eager transport swells ;
This passing gleam as permanent he greets,
And hopes in future for a life of sweets :
Deceitful thought ! the storm more furious drives,
Against his doom in vain the genius strives ;
Fate's rock impedes—the bark, impetuous hurl'd,
Sinks 'midst the yawning billows of this world :

Thus terminates bright fancy's glowing scope,
The life of genius, but the grave of hope.
Such is the poet's fate ; on earth distress'd,
To rank sublime when sharing death's chill rest :
Transcendant *Milton*, 'twas thy lot to feel
That man, whose image bears his Maker's seal,
Can still neglect the choicest blessing giv'n,
A godlike mind, true attribute of heav'n.
Here cease, my lay,—indignant feelings rise,
My tow'ring spirit points to kindred skies ;
Spurns the base earth, and loathes the cruel race,
Where pow'r is idoliz'd, and gold finds grace ;
Where pining virtue scarce can find a shed,
To shield from ruthless winds its drooping head ;
Where honesty in tatter'd vestments weeps,
While ermin'd villany luxurious sleeps :
In fine, where merit, without aid of wealth,
Is like a gem unique, procur'd by stealth ;
Fear makes the holder keep the store enshrin'd,
And genius lacks an expanse for the mind :

Timid conceals the gem of innate worth ;
Fancy, oft nipp'd, scarce giving blossoms birth ;
And wither'd thus by mundane wintry wind,
Scarce leaves an odour of its sweets behind.

Samuel Butler.

HUMANI NIHIL ALIENUM,

FROM heav'n-fraught flights to satire's bard I turn,
And bend, great *Butler*, at thy sainted urn ;
Butler, unrivall'd by those lashing lays,
That justly grace his brows with blooming bays ;
There poignant wit displays the mental store,
And depth of learning shows scholastic lore.
Scar'd by his gall sarcastic, falsehood fled,
Bifrons hypocrisy abas'd its head ;
The *canting saints* (*l*) confess'd the censure just,
Fanaticism, wreathing, bit the dust.
Truth in each couplet paints imposture's crime,
Render'd more poignant by the cutting rhyme ;

That path ne'er trod before by sons of verse,
Though short, intelligent—though merry, terse.
No penal institute, no martial arm,
Like thee, had check'd the puritanic charm ;
Oppos'd to Hudibras and Ralph his squire,
Laws had been wind, and smoke the cannon's fire ;
An host was center'd in great *Butler's* brain,
And one lampoon drove falsehood from the plain.
Yet, when the subtle *Cromwell's* race was run,
And England own'd its martyr'd sov'reign's son ;
Charles, as licentious as renown'd for wit,
Who ceaseless quoted (*m*) what our bard had writ ;
Whose taste, the standard of the courtly crew,
Diffus'd that universal praise his due ;
Still, thus applauding, (blush at *Butler's* lot)
The golden profit sov'reign *Charles* forgot ;
With empty praise the bard a monarch quits :
Thus paid our *witty king* the *king* of *wits*.
And when the scarf of death enwrapp'd his form,
When the pure soul inspir'd fled life's rude storm ;

The godlike satirist's corporeal frame
Its burial ow'd to charity's (*n*) pure flame ;
When 'years revolv'd before one feeling mind
Paid a just tribute to his wit refin'd,
And bade the monumental marble trace,
Of satire's matchless chief the mortal race :
While future times fame's clarion trump shall raise,
And *Hudibras* accord him endless praise.

Thomas Otway.

ACTIS ÆVUM IMPLET, NON SEGNIBUS ANNIS.

O, reader, list ! for though thine heart be steel,
An *Otway's* doom must make thy bosom feel ;
From adamant itself the tears might flow,
And dire obduracy own thrilling woe :
In life's full prime the victim genius view,
'Ray'd in full manliness and youthful (*o*) hue ;
Hear him controul the passions of the mind,
As from his *Orphan* flows the touch refin'd ;
Or when, by love subdu'd, the tortur'd brain
Of *Jaffier* breathes to *Belvidere* his pain,—
In the fell struggle dooms to death his friend,
Then, rous'd by honor, shares his fatal end.

'Think but of pathos when sweet *Otway* sings,
Soul-thrilling master of the plaintive strings ;
Otway mellifluent—sublimely chaste,
Whose comprehension feeling's soul embrac'd ;
Whose touch electric needs no pow'r of art,
But calls imperious on the throbbing heart :
It melts—it owns at once the just appeal,
'True as if *Shakspear's* self had set his seal ;
For, when he moans the anguish of the soul,
Not *Avon's Bard* o'er *Otway* (*p*) claims controul ;
Matchless in this their kindred spirits stand,
They smile accordance, and go hand in hand.—
Such is the muse I sing :—ah ! fatal lay !
Must I with anguish blast its beamy ray ?
Shall famine too with poverty combine,
To wrench from earth this offspring of the nine ?
Yes ; like the bud that's nipp'd by wintry blast,
Behold thy son, O genius ! overcast :
He droops his head, unpitied pines for food,
The pangs of hunger curdle life's warm blood ;

Impell'd by anguish, for relief he flies,—

Raging, ingulfs the food—is choak'd (*q*)—and dies.

*	*	*	*	*
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Here close the scene—mute be the strain of woe,

Let floods of anguish from my bosom flow ;

Such pangs acute descriptive arts defy,

Tear follows tear—and sigh re-echoes sigh.

All nature seems a blank :—I drop the pen ;

For chaos, to my senses, reigns again.



John Dryden.

ANIMO VIDIT, INGENIO COMPLEXUS EST, ELOQUENTIA ILLUMINAVIT.

WITH pace majestic, fancy-beaming eye ;
With bold imagination kindling high ;
With spirit boundless, and with thought sublime ;—
Behold our *Dryden*, god of sense and rhyme :
As satirist and poet ne'er surpass'd,
Cou'd adverse fate his brilliant sun o'er cast ;
Cou'd one thus foster'd 'neath the muse's wing,
Rear'd by Ambrosia's sweets, Pieria's spring,—
Cou'd Dryden suffer ?—Nature shrinks to own,
The bard cou'd want who grac'd Apollo's throne.
Yes, mighty *Dryden*, to amend the age,
Enrich'd, with *shackled muse*, (*r*) his country's stage ;

As if the legal instrument cou'd bind
Fancy, warm torrent of the human mind,—
Erect a flood-gate to controul the sense,
And turn the stream ordain'd by Providence :
As well may northern blasts bid roses blow,
Or sweet exotics bloom 'midst Alpine snow ;
Rather on trackless deserts, parch'd by heat,
Bid vegetation rear her verdant seat ;
Or, 'neath the burning line of Sol, behold
The congelations of Siberia cold ;
Sooner shall nature's self invert her rule ;—
Than genius willing greet coercion's school :
Yet *Dryden* travell'd this unwelcome road,
And saddled fancy with compulsion's load.
Too proud to bend beneath the galling weight,
He burst the fetters of his adverse fate ;
Forgot those bonds that wou'd his muse confine,
And shone at once the dramatist divine.
In vain the rival wits, oppress'd with spleen,
Contemn'd the magic of our author's scene ;

In vain great *Buckingham* (*s*) his pow'r display'd,
Spite of his *bays*, the wreath our bard array'd ;
Nor cou'd a *Rochester's* assassin aim
Enshroud his splendor, or attaint his fame.
A rock amidst the angry surge he stood,
And gaz'd disdainful on the foaming flood.
Conscious of inborn worth, he felt no dread,
Against the show'r of shafts rear'd high his head ;
Untouch'd beheld the missile weapons fall,
And laugh'd to scorn his weak opponents' gall ;
Despis'd that impotence their threats proclaim'd,
And, when he answer'd, made them more asham'd.
So beam'd as *dramatist* (*t*) his teeming thought,
While *satire's* self through him its lesson taught.
As *critic* keen he still retain'd his sphere,
Too just to flatter—too renown'd to fear ;
He soars true *lyric* poet to the sky,
An *Alexander's Feast* can never die ;
Or if combin'd, e'er bard and scholar shone,
His *Virgil* claims those titles both his own.

So flourish'd *Dryden*, fancy's noontide blaze,
Sublime to contemplate—too great to praise.
Resign'd he met fate's all resistless doom,
And left another (*u*) to erect his tomb.

Naham Tate.

----- FAMINE IS IN THY CHEEKS ;
NEED AND OPPRESSION STARVETH IN THINE EYES ;
UPON THY BACK HANGS RAGGED MISERY.

FRIEND of great *Dryden*, though of humble fame,
The *Laureat Tate*, shall here record his name ;
Whose sorrowing numbers breath'd a nation's pain,
When death from mortal to immortal reign
Translated royal *Anne*, (*v*) our island's boast,
Victorious sov'reign, dread of Gallia's host ;
Whose arms by land and sea with fame were crown'd,
Whose statesmen grave for wisdom were renown'd,
Whose reign with science dignifies the page ;
Bright noon of genius—*great Augustan age*.
Such was thy queen, and such th' illustrious time
That nurs'd thy muse, and tun'd thy soul to rhyme ;

Yet wast thou fated sorrow's shaft to bear,
Augmenting still this catalogue of care ;
The gripe of penury thy bosom knew,
A gloomy jail (*w*) obscur'd bright freedom's view :
So life's gay visions faded to thy sight,
Thy brilliant hopes enscaf'd in sorrow's night.

Edmund Waller.

AMARE ET SAPERE VIX DEO CONCEDITUR.

Nor to distress alone does genius owe
The poignant arrow of corrosive woe ;
Its bosom pierc'd by that envenom'd dart,
That dooms to hopeless love the bleeding heart :
Mark where dejected *Waller* pensive sighs,
And quaffs his care from *Sacharissa's* (*x*) eyes ;
Repulsive nymph, who laughs his vows to scorn,
And leaves the lover and the bard forlorn.
Slow 'neath the shade of yonder spreading trees,
Whose verdant foliage trembles in the breeze,
Through whose expanded arms the moaning wind
In pity seems to sooth the poet's mind,—

Behold he wanders :—now, with tearful gaze,
Pausing impassion'd, breathes some ardent lays ;
Then downward bends once more his sadden'd mien,
With folded arms proceeds—invokes his queen,
Carves on the bark some emblem of his flame,
And ev'ry tree bears *Sacharissa's* (*y*) name.
Sometimes he feels enkindling pride prevail,
Spurns the proud nymph, and breathes the scornful tale.

“ I know the female heart, the female mind ;

“ I read from nature, and solve human kind ;

“ Women, the pictur'd angels of life's state,

“ Are but the goading spurs of hidden fate ;

“ They please the eye, they tantalize the breast,

“ And give the lover's bosom all—but *rest*.”

Yet, ah ! how faint this transient gleam of ire,

Tears soon extinguish the disdainful fire ;

Edmund more ardent still the passion feels ;

Anew, with contrite heart, his soul reveals,

Nor flies from warring passion's baneful snare,

Till Hymen to another yields his fair.

George Lillo.

WHEN genius plants the aromatic flow'r,
The lowly born diffuse its dazzling pow'r ;
The titled race bright fancy scarce adorns,
The wild rose blooming 'midst the hedge's thorns ;
The muses ne'er respect to persons own,
The structure of the human mind their throne ;
As tow'ring eagle free, that builds its nest,
They twine plebeian brows with blooming crest ;
Nurture in common men the inborn flame,
Ennobling poverty with lustrous fame.
Trace o'er the annals of this nether world,
Widely, O genius ! be thy flag unfurl'd ;

The floating banner this stern fact must show,
Promiscuous minds dispense thy genial glow ;
From Homer downwards fancy's envied bays
Have crown'd the meek where shone the muse's rays :
Such prov'd the origin of *Lillo's* (z) strain,
Who aim'd at pathos, nor essay'd in vain ;
His scenic art the tender thoughts control,
His plaintive eloquence subdues the soul ;
Each tale by pure simplicity impress'd,
Awakes soft sympathy in ev'ry breast ;
Critics in vain may cavil at his lays,
Censure is hush'd by universal praise :
So while the mimic art sounds forth his worth,
The mind of *Lillo* claims Parnassian birth.

Still thou, sweet bard, wast doom'd distress to share,
And swell this record of the sons of care :—
Yet why these sorrows shou'd my muse relate,
When one more classic has enroll'd thy fate ?

'Twas Hammond's task in mournful minstrelsy
To trace thy worth, and weep thy misery ;
'Twas his to damp thine urn with pity's tear,
And bid the well-earn'd laurel shade thy bier.

Prologue to Lillo's *Elmeric*.

BY JAMES HAMMOND.

NO labour'd scenes to-night adorn our stage,
Lillo's plain sense wou'd here the heart engage ;
He knew no art, no rule ; but warmly thought
From passion's force ; and as he felt he wrote.
His *Barnwell* once no critic's test could bear,
Yet from each eye still draws the nat'ral tear ;
With gen'rous candour hear his latest strains,
And let kind pity shelter his remains.
Depress'd by want, afflicted by disease,
Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please :—
O ! may that wish be now humanely paid,
And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade.
'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

James Hammond.

IMPROBE AMOR, QUID NON MORTALIA PECTORA COGIS?

Lo! now a second sacrifice we view,
With glowing passions, and with bosom true;
See melancholy *Hammond* slowly move,
The bard dejected, and the slave of love.
Ah! cou'd a sordid (*a*) thought debase her mind
For whom the poet felt a flame refin'd?
Could mundane wealth sufficient charms impart,
To make the nymph reject a lover's heart?
Yes, for though bless'd with fortune (*b*) to ensure
Content through life, to her the bard was poor;

Stern to the last, she view'd his wretched state,
And with obdurate bosom scorn'd his fate.
Hammond oppress'd, to hopeless love a prey,
Warbled his *Elegies*, the minstrel's lay ;
Array'd in classic elegance the strain,
Breath'd all he felt, and chid the nymph's disdain ;
Nor wit nor wine, nor pleasure's mantling glow,
Reliev'd his breast, where dwelt the germ of woe.

FRIEND.

Flag not spirits, life is brief,
Let not sorrow prove time's thief ;
Spurn fell sadness, cherish joy,
Live for Bacchus, rosy boy ;
Thy brows with clust'ring grapes entwine,
Fill, fill ; the goblet fill with wine.

LOVER.

Vainly wouldst thou have me quaff,
Mingling with the revel laugh ;
Joy thou bidd'st me court in vain,
Link'd in sorrow's icy chain ;
Dark cypress is the crown I wear,
And henbane's juice, the draught of care.

FRIEND.

If no Bacchanalian flood
Can inspire thy sluggard blood,
Come, and, fill'd with Venus' charms,
Sink enraptur'd in her arms ;
And, with joys thine heart imbu'd,
Own 'twas love thy care subdu'd.

LOVER.

Why more deep implant the thorn,
Which my throbbing heart hath torn ?
Absence is the source of grief,
Whence thou bidd'st me seek relief ;
Wine can never chase my bane,
Love redoubles all my pain.

Thus *Hammond* felt no friendly voice could save
The wasting lover from his destin'd grave :
The cruel *Delia* saw her slave depart,
Ah ! then too late compunction riv'd her heart ;
With pity's tear she dew'd the poet's urn,
And shar'd a portion of his griefs in turn ; (c)
Through life preserv'd a virgin's spotless guise,
Then sought her true love in his native skies.

James Thomson.

NUNQUAM ALIUD NATURA, ALIUD SAPIENTIA DICIT.

HARK ! some seraphic minstrel of the sphere
Tunes his melodious cadence in mine ear ;
The silv'ry chords waft modulation's sound,
Or fill with concord sweet the airy round :
Soft as scarce-breathing zephyrs now they sigh,
With vacuum mingling tremulously die ;
In swelling unison then louder peal,
Transfix the ear, and o'er the bosom steal ;
Till one full burst re-echoing from on high,
Swells a loud choir of heav'nly harmony :
What hand thus wakes my soul ? 'Tis nature's swain
Pictures exuberant her teemful reign ;

'Tis *Thomson's* lyre, that sweeps one vasty range,
Depicts the seasons, and their varied change ;
From bursting *Spring*, where nature paints the vale,
And scents with fragrance each reviving gale ;
To blazing *Summer*, when the plains unfold
One wavy scene of undulating gold :
Or when the sap, retiring, gives the breeze
The crimp'd and yellow foliage of the trees ;
Till hoary *Winter*, chasing Sol's last glow,
Spangles with ice, and clothes with drifting snow :—
Such is the godlike spirit I proclaim,
Poetic fancy's vivifying flame ;
The bard of nature through each varied scene,
Congeal'd or scorching—chilling or serene.
Yet what avail'd this soul-subduing sense,
This impregnation of Omnipotence ?
Creative genius nature's theme imbu'd,
He penn'd her dictates, and the task subdu'd ;
Yes, far from rustic swains and lowing herds,
The lap of nature, and the choir of birds ;

Far from the sun's bright beams of golden hue,
That dart resplendant through ethereal blue ;—
Far from all these the poet sung his strain :
No feather'd choristers, no verdant plain,
No radiance unobscur'd, no azure bright,
Enkindled genius, giving mental light ;
In London's vortex he attun'd the string,
Through realms of smoke expanded fancy's wing ;
Walls were his daisied meads, his vales and hills,
Walls were his nodding woods and purling rills. (*d*)
No checker'd scenes his kindling brain inspir'd,
Fancy alone the soul of genius fir'd ;
Mingling with truth an energy divine,
Conjoining science with the tuneful nine.
As if expanded nature's dictates sage
Were all condens'd in one prolific page,
Instructing man her precepts to discern,
Thus leaving mortals nothing more to learn ;
So struggled genius 'gainst opposing fate,
Thus soar'd the poet in bright mental state ;

His sacred lyre by feeling shall be bless'd,
While love of innate vigor nerves the breast.
Thomson shall live an unexhausted store,
Till Seasons, Nature's offsprings, reign no more.

Oliver Goldsmith.

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

CHILD of simplicity, thy strains subdue,
To feeling's voice pathetically true ;
'Tis thine to wake the sympathizing sigh,
And call forth tears from mercy's glist'ning eye ;
Thy touch controuls with sterling nature's glow,
And stamps as true each fancied scene of woe ;
Thy page (reflective mirror) paints mankind,
And shows each secret working of the mind ;
Unvarnish'd makes man play his earthly part,
Recording *as it is* the human heart.
No thought indecorous the mind assails,
There pure morality with sense prevails ;

Vice for a season holds unrivall'd sway,
That virtue may emit a brighter ray,
And scare foul sin with its all radiant light,
Hurling the wicked to the realms of night.

Thou wast thyself upon life's rugged way
The *traveller* (*e*) of fancy's beamy day ;
Human society inspir'd the strain,
A *prospect* ample for thy teeming brain ;
By thee life's checker'd page was understood,
The wise, the great, the innocent, and good ;
Feeling's full range a master's hand design'd,
The spirit noble, or the lowly hind ;
Want (*f*) and experience, the preceptors stern,
Whose rigid tenets taught thee to discern.
Still worldly knowledge never cou'd controul
The tender impulse that imbu'd the soul ;
Thine heart still melting at another's grief,
Thy hand yet open to dispense relief ;

Too good thyself to dread another's art,
The specious knave wou'd oft subdue thine heart,
Draw from thy scanty store soft pity's fee,
The heav'nly boon of true philanthropy. (g)
So mov'd sweet *Goldsmith* thro' life's shadowy vale,
Thus sang the Bard of Feeling—*Feeling's Tale*.
Auburn, dear village, thy deserted state
Waken'd true pathos to lament thy fate ;
There reigns the poet, there his soul we scan,
His numbers blazon'd forth the living man.
Yet what avails the mind's perception true,
That fathoms man with comprehensive view ?
What is pure sensibility of heart,
That plays on earth commiseration's part ?
Since human nature sterling sense disdains,
And, selfish, feels not for another's pains.
'Twas thine, O *Goldsmith* ! this sad truth to know,
Few felt for thee with thine inherent glow ;
Early thy poet race stern want subdu'd,
While oft fell penury thy course pursu'd,

Clipp'd the wide wings of fancy's soaring (*h*) flight,
As if the muses spurn'd thee from their sight.
What tho' a failing (*i*) tainted thy career,
Do not the sons of frailty sojourn here ?
And if one fault alone subdu'd the breast,
Thy sum of goodness shou'd have purchas'd rest :
But worldly peace by man is rarely won,
Virtue oft toiling till life's sand is run ;
And genius, least of all the goal can claim,
Distress, sure meed of ev'ry poet's fame.

Hallow'd thou sleep'st with the illustrious dead,
The verdant crown still blooming round thine head ;
For while the human heart owns pity's sway,
Thy pages must dispense the soothing ray ;
In prose as metre feeling rears the throne,
Thy soul engirdled by no frigid zone ;
A Goldsmith's Vicar (j) paints religion's store,
And lures the heart obdurate to adore ;
Link'd with simplicity truth shines serene,
For virtue, heav'nly virtue, rules the scene.

Richard Savage.

HAUD FACILE EMERGUNT QUORUM VIRTUTIBUS OBSTAT RES
ANGUSTA DOMI.

ON downy pinions love now wings his flight,
And leaves the muse absorb'd in mental night ;
Mis'ry again assumes its blighting reign,
And yearning nature here appeals in vain ;
Not baby innocence could hate controul,
And waken feeling in a mother's soul :
Obdurate *Macclesfield*, (*k*) fell, ruthless dame,
Disgrace of woman, and thy sex's shame ;
Thou parent void of each maternal thrill,
Thou mother rul'd by no parental will,
Thou mortal in the shape of womankind,
In heart a tygress, and the fiend in mind :—

What must I call thee?—by what title own
A wretch that stands on nature's page—alone?
Yet such the nameless creature was that prov'd
Parent of *Savage*, by the muses lov'd;
Savage, whose name the mother should have borne,
From whose fell bosom feeling's germ was torn;
Who, like the stern Eumenides of yore,
The blood-born furies, ray'd in snakes and gore,
Cou'd first disown her babe, the boon of Heav'n,
Then toil to rob that life herself had giv'n;
Cou'd hear the wand'ring youth in pity pine,
Claiming one tender thought, one look benign;
Cou'd view him feel a son's affection true,
See struggling anguish ev'ry thought subdue;
Yet, cold as marble, spurn great nature's charm,
And rear herself the homicidal arm;
With malice deadly, supplicate the throne
To close soft mercy's portal on her own.
Avaunt, dread thought, the sick'ning muse no more
Shall toil a mind demoniac to explore:

Aghast I contemplate the mental storm,
The task my hand refuses to perform ;
Nerveless, my fingers now the pen resign,
Till mis'ry wakes anew the sorrowing nine.



Bristol and Richard Savage.

AD CALAMITATEM QUILIBET RUMOR VALET.

LAUNCH'D on the ocean of this stormy world,
Behold the *Bastard's* (*l*) bark, with sails unfurl'd,
Dare the rough billows of assailing fate,
And, tho' oppos'd, proceed in lordly state.
As when the furious winds and waves arise,
Now plunge, then fling the vessel to the skies,
Still the sound steersman ably stems the tide,
Dares the rude storm, and bids the fabric ride;
So *Savage*, rul'd by genius, brav'd the flood,
Fancy, true pilot, his staunch helmsman stood;
Escap'd the quicksands, left the rocks behind,
And nobly scudded 'gainst the adverse wind:

Sometimes below, sometimes aloft he laves ;
Now sinks, now rises, on misfortune's waves ;
Caress'd or envied, scorn'd or prais'd, he reigns,
Loves and despises ; venerates, disdains.
Such was thy fate, O *Savage* ! such the doom
That still pursu'd thee to oblivion's tomb ;
Bristol was fated to complete thine end,
Bristol, to no one but itself a friend.
Proud of its wealth, a foe to feeling's laws,
Dead to bright fancy and the poet's cause ;
It left proud *Savage* in the grasp of care,
A jail his doom, his only friend despair ;
Left him to linger for a trivial debt,
Till life's last beam in cloudy death was set.
So perish'd *River's son*, in blood renown'd,
A noble mind, by all the muses crown'd,
Whose fame must live, while from his numbers flow
The *Bastard's* (*n*) energy and heav'nly glow ;
Nor shall his fate e'er cease to claim the sigh,
While *Johnson's* (*n*) pages greet the tearful eye.

No friendly tomb now registers his name,
No line records his suff'rings and his fame ;
With lowly dust, though *Savage* (*o*) mould'ring lies,
His radiant spirit this neglect defies ;
Freed from all malice, his expanded mind
Pities the race by ignorance confin'd ;
Smiles at the foes of wisdom's glowing reign,
And feels for *Bristol* dulness calm disdain.
When from its tenement life's spark was fled,
Thus numb'ring one more genius with the dead ;
When the imprison'd body, soul-enchain'd,
Releas'd by death, a twofold freedom gain'd ;
Who stood thy friend, who paid the last sad rite,
And veil'd thy mortal part from human sight ?
Was it the *great*, that once confess'd thy pow'r,
And courted *Savage* at the social hour ?
Was it thy *friend*, (*p*) the critic of mankind,
In sense sublime, but warp'd in form and mind ?
Was it the *Bristol merchant*, gorg'd with gold
From western isles, and blood that's bought and sold ?

No ; neither *great*, or *wise*, or *rich* was found
To hide life's remnant in its kindred ground :
Record it, muse !—a grave poor *Savage* ow'd
To one by custom us'd to rigour's road ;
The common jailor felt his matchless sway,
Forgot his trade, led on by feeling's ray ;
And thus inhum'd poor *Savage* had more state
Than lacquey'd by the titled *rich* and *great* ;
By this he prov'd true genius has a charm
To wrench coercion from the ruthless arm.
Music tam'd monsters, and the poet's strain
Appeal'd in melting tones, nor spoke in vain ;
Wak'd in a prison's ruler pity's fires,
Who gave that final boon life's state requires.

THE WRITER'S ADDRESS TO

Richard Savage.

THOUGH not with talents fraught so bright as thine,
Still are thy feelings, *Savage*, always mine ;
Like thee, the slave of *fancy's* fev'rish will,
I err—repent—then err unconscious still ;
Passion impels, while reason's dictates bland
Resist in vain the madd'ning, hot command ;
Nature with kindling feelings nerv'd my frame,
And when inspir'd I own the vivid flame ;
No menial thoughts the sov'reign thrill controul,
The rushing torrent quite o'erwhelms my soul.

Extremes are mine ; now bliss, now anguish reigns,
Excessive transports, or acutest pains :
The medium to my senses thus unknown,
All, save thy genius, Savage, is mine own.

Thomas Chatterton.

CUJUS LIBET REI SIMULATOR ATQUE DISSIMULATOR.

LAST of my mis'ry-blighted train I sing,
A soaring genius of life's op'ning spring ;
The child of fancy beams in boyhood's guise,
Astounding sense, and dazzling human eyes :
Thy bard, drear *Bristol*, now proclaims my lyre,
In childhood nerv'd with true poetic fire ;
Great *Chatterton* (*q*) awakes my pensive song,
Sublimest stripling of the muse's throng ;
Prolific prodigy of fancy's womb,
Born but to blaze, then moulder in the tomb.
Unus'd to genius, and too dull to know
Its dawning impulse and enkindling glow,

Repulsive *Bristol* banish'd thence its pride,
While sorrowing fancy turn'd her head aside,
Saw him depart, her true adopted son,
Doom'd to expire ere youth's career was run.
Senseless *Bristolians*, ye at once infuse
The damning spirit of the vengeful Jews ;
Ye doom'd *your* (*r*) *child of wonder* to the grave,
They crucified their God, who came to save ;
Your idol's gain, all merit ye despise,
Pelf is the *beacon* *Juda's* children prize :
Thus link'd in sordid amity ye move,
Talent is martyr'd for the god ye love.
Enough of *Bristol's* shame, a future flight
Shall paint that region of chaotic night ;
Let other themes engage the muse's lyre,
And scare dull folly with her beamy fire ;
Or as the mighty youth in nobler lays
Wou'd clothe a *Rowley* in his heav'nly blaze,
With humbler fancy thus I wake the strings,
To pluck one feather from his soaring wings.

IMITATION

OF THE

Bowleian Style of Poetry. (*s*)



The Tourneie,

CLEPED

CHEVAULERIE OFF THE POYNTELLES.

YN velvett grene the mee was seemly dyghte,
The limmed brooklette oundynge flow'd alonge;
I kenn'd the merrie birds all federed bryghte,
And listeynge herde theyre swotie plesaunte songe;
And as I hede the ethie soundinge straine,
Mie breste embollen was with joie, and eke with payne.

TOURNEIE	- -	TOURNAMENT.
CLEPED	- - -	CALLED.
CHEVAULERIE	-	CHIVALRY.
POYNTELLES	- -	POETS.
MEE	- - - -	MEADOW.
DYGHTE	- - -	DIGHT.
LIMMED	- - -	GLASSY.
BROOKLETTE	-	RIVULET.
OUNDYNGE	- -	UNDULATING.

KENN'D	- - - -	HEARD.
FEDERED	- - -	FEATHERED.
LISTEYNGE	- -	LISTENING.
SWOTIE	- - - -	SWEET.
HEDE	- - - -	ATTEND TO.
ETHIE	- - - -	EASY.
EMBOLLEN	- -	SWELLED.
EKE	- - - -	ALSO.

These cnyghtes yn fancie's habergeons wer dyghte :
 Som stalk'd yn *sable*, tragedie to shoo ;
 Whiles mynstrell comedie, yn azur bryghte,
 Laugh'd att the merkye vysages of woo ;
 Som wore the rose's hue, with cristede dove,
 To peyncture hem trew championns of all swoltrynge love.

Yn blaunchie robes som ynnocence iwrcene,
 Yn *gules* som lethalle Mars, fell chefe of warr ;
 Eche yn hys proper blazonrye was sene,
 Yfollowyng fancie's godd yn glestreynge carr ;
 Ne bardic cnyghte bot thought the palm hys owne,
 And sought to bee ensyrked withe the brendeynge crowne.

CNYGHTES - - KNIGHTS.
 HABERGEONS - COATS OF MAIL.
 DYGHT - - - DRESS'D.
 SABLE - - - BLACK.
 MERKYE - - - DARK.
 CRISTEDE - - - CRESTED. [NEATE.
 PEYNCTURE - - PICTURE, DELI-
 SWOLTRYNGE - OVERWHELMING.
 BLAUNCHIE - - WHITE.
 IWREENE - - - DISCLOSED.

GULES - - - - RED.
 LETHALLE - - DEADLY.
 YFOLLOWYNG - GOING AFTER.
 GLESTREYNGE - GLITTERING.
 BARDIC - - - - APPERTAINING.
 TO POETS.
 CNYGHT - - - KNIGHT.
 BOT - - - - BUT.
 ENSYRKED - - - CIRCLED.
 BRENDEYNGE - FLAMING.

The winds afferd heard the trumpet's braye,
 Thys sound forr maysterie the challenge gave;
 Eche poyntelle tilter, ready for the fraye,
 Cooched hys launce withe fancie's vigorr brave;
 Whan lo! the herehaughte's beme the champion runge,
 Wonderr eche eine bewryen—mute was every tonge.

Emburled *cap a pee*, straight grac'd the field,
 A youth adyghte yn tints of fancie's hue;
 Hys slenderr arme ybore a gyant's sheeld,
 A bronde he grypped, myghte an hoste subdue;
 He cast the gauntlette, crying, compheeres see,
 A striplynge dares your witts to fraies off chevaulerie.

AFFERED - - - AFFRIGHTED.
 BRAYE - - - - CLANGOR, DIN.
 POYNTELLE - - POET.
 COOCHED - - - COUCHED.
 HEREHAUGHTE'S HERALD'S.
 BEME - - - - TRUMPET.
 CHAMPION - - CHALLENGE.
 BEWRYEN - - - DECLARED.

EMBURLED - - ARMED.
 ADYGHTE - - - CLOATHED.
 YBORE - - - - BORE, CARRIED.
 BRONDE - - - - A SWORD.
 GRYPPED - - - GRASPED.
 GAUNTLETTE - GLOVE.
 COMPHEERES - COMPANIONS.
 FRAIES - - - - FEATS, FIGHTS.

And spekinge thos, he fro hys gyrdle twichte
 A parchemente scrolle wyth variedd fygures grac'd;
 The sonne-like beaconn met eche wondringe syghte,
 The muses own'd the recorde theye hadd trac'd;
 Eche quacedd shrunke, the common crie was—*Yeeld!*
 The berne grete *Chattertone*, han halced all the felde.

Rous'd from dolce slepe, uppon thys dreme I dwelte,
 Arist enthoghteynge, and hent onn mye course;
 Halie the poyntelle mynstrell's merritt felte,
 Hys mittie pathos, and subduynge force,
 I bente the knee att boyhoode's rythme adygne,
 And hallow'd *Rowlei CHATTERTONE—THE BERNE*
 DIVINE!

THOS - - - - - THUS.
 TWICHTE - - - - - PLUCKED.
 QUACEDD - - - - - VANQUISHED.
 HALCED - - - - - DEFEATED.
 DOLCE - - - - - SWEET.
 ARIST - - - - - AROSE.

ENTHOGHTEYNGE THINKING.
 HENT - - - - - PROCEEDED.
 HALIE - - - - - HAPPY.
 POYNTELLE - - - - - POET.
 MITTIE - - - - - MIGHTY.
 ADYGNE - - - - - NERVOUS.



THE
Foregoing Stanzas,

IN THE MODERN STYLE OF VERSIFICATION.

IN velvet green the meadows all were dight,
The glassy current rippled sweet along ;
I saw the merry birds in feathers bright,
And listen'd to their pretty soothing song ;
And as I paid attention to the strain,
A something sooth'd my breast with pleasure and with pain.

And thus o'ercome I stretch'd me on the green,
Till gentle sleep entranc'd my thoughtful breast ;
A vision straight subdu'd my mind serene,
A fairy sight my wand'ring brain oppress'd ;
Array'd as knights of chivalric renown,
Bards came to tilt, and bear away the verdant crown.

This tournament, methought, the muses bless'd,
'Twas call'd the *Chivalry* of Genius' race ;
Each knight by blooming maiden was caress'd,
His mien resplendant, figure 'ray'd in grace :
The lists were form'd of interwisted *bays*,
The glitt'ring canopy beam'd bright *Apollo's* rays.

The knights in fancy's armour were bedight :
Some stalk'd in *sable*, tragedy to show ;
While sons of *comedy*, in *azure* bright,
Laugh'd at their solemn visages of woe ;
Some wore the *rosy hue*, with crested dove,
To picture them true champions of all conqu'ring love.

In *lily robes* some *innocence* display'd,
Others in *gules* invok'd the god of war :
Each in his proper blazonry array'd,
Follow'd bright fancy's god in radiant car ;
No poet knight but thought the palm his own,
And thirsted to enjoy the never-fading crown.

The zephyrs, frightened, heard the trumpet's bray,
The sound for mastery the challenge gave ;
Each poet-tilter, burning for the fray,
Couch'd firm the lance, with fancy's vigor brave ;
When lo ! a clarion sound defiance rung,—
Wonder each gaze express'd, surprise breath'd ev'ry tongue.

Arm'd *cap a pee* a youth straight grac'd the field,
Clad in each tint of fancy's heav'nly hue ;
His slender arm upheld a giant's shield,
A lance he grasp'd that might an host subdue ;
Then cast the glove, exclaiming, " Brothers, see !
" A stripling dares your wits to feats of chivalry !"

While speaking thus, he from his girdle took
A parchment scroll, with varied figures grac'd ;
The sun-like beacon met each wond'ring look,
The muses own'd the record they had trac'd ;
Each shrunk abash'd, the general cry was—" Yield !
" Apollo's child, GREAT CHATTERTON, subdues the field !"

Woke from this trance, upon the dream I dwelt,

Rose from the sod, and homeward bent my course ;

Enraptur'd, all the poet's merit felt,

His witching pathos, and subduing force ;

Yielded the knee at boyhood's brilliant shrine,

And hail'd *Rowleian Chatterton*—The youth **DIVINE**.

IN strains like these erst sung the fire-fraught child,
In language nervous, and with fancy wild ;
No theme too dazzling for his mental store,
No style too rude, tho' 'ray'd in antique lore :
The field immense of poetry he ran,
And gain'd the fadeless crown, ere yet a man.
Such was the youth who fled his native soil,
Wearied with *Bristol* and its sordid toil ;
London, he thought, would patronize his worth,
And foster one of *Heliconian* birth.
Vain was the hope :—sweet youth, thy godlike song
Woke not at pity's string the list'ning throng ;

Tho' all admir'd, the muse remain'd forgot :
E'en classic *Walpole* (*t*) left thee to thy lot.
Pining, the spirit still, by genius fed,
Inspir'd his pride, and rear'd aloft his head ;
Disdainful he beheld the threat'ning bane,
And silent suffer'd famine's deadly pain ;
Proud to the last, he breath'd no suppliant's sigh,
True son of fire, with spirit fix'd on high ;
He spurn'd humility, nor deign'd to sue
For that reward which genius claims its due :
He died !—ah ! let me close the mournful truth,
Corroding poison nipp'd his budding youth ;
Unutterable anguish seal'd his fate,
And bore his spirit to the kindred great :—
While soft the cherub choir of minstrels sung
The holy requiem ; (*u*)—lo ! the clarion tongue
Of great Apollo, hail'd his darling boy,
And crown'd his soul with everlasting joy.

Acrostic.

C ALE and neglectedd slombers Fancie's bard,
H ys mortayle parte entremed wythe the duste ;
A irie the mysterk sprytes pace o'er the sward,
T o joyne theyre laments wyth eche passente gust.
T hrillinge's the owlett's screech, wyth bat's combin'd,
E mbolleing lethalle horrors off nyghte's howr ;
R ede, swotelie stealyng onn thee sorrowyng mynde,
T riomphaunte cryes—Dethe has ne longerr power ;
O 'er erthe's frayle parte hys aderne bronde had swaye,
N owghte cann atteynte hys *fame* that glemes forr aye.

CALE - - - - COLD.
 ENTREMED - - INTERMIXED.
 MYSTERK - - - MYSTICK.
 SPRYTES - - - - SPIRITS.
 SWARD - - - - THE TURF.
 PASSENTE - - - PASSING.
 EMBOLLEING - SWELLING.
 LETHALLE - - - DEADLY.

REDE - - - - WISDOM.
 SWOTELIE - - - SWEETLY.
 ADERNE - - - - CRUEL.
 BRONDE - - - - SWORD.
 ATTEYNTE - - - TARNISH.
 GLEMES - - - - SHINES.
 AYE - - - - FOR EVER.

THE

Foregoing Acrostic,

IN THE MODERN STYLE OF VERSIFICATION.

C OLD and neglected slumbers Fancy's bard,
H is mortal part now mould'ring with the dust ;
A iry the mystic spirits pace the sward,
T o join their moanings with each passing gust.
T hrilling's the screech-owl's note with bat's combin'
E ncreasing deadly horrors of night's hour ;
R eason, soft stealing o'er the sorrowing mind,
T riumphant cries—Death has no longer pow'r ;
O 'er earth's frail part his icy shaft had sway,
N ough can subdue fame's everlasting ray.

THE
Poet's Entry into Bristol.

POETA NASCITUR NON FIT.

THE

Poet's Entry into Bristol.

SLOW, pensive, sad, I bent my weary way,
And enter'd *Bristol* with declining day ;
The sun, in splendid radiance, gilt the west,
And labour's weary offspring thought of rest :
For, when the child of luxury retires
To share day's second meal, and fan desires ;
When ev'ry viand courts the pamper'd taste,
And floods of wine are offer'd up to waste ;—
The son of toil, that with day's orb arose,
Feels nature flag, and longs for sound repose.
Such was the hour I enter'd trade's fam'd seat,
Forth from her mart her offspring 'gan retreat ;

For me the busy sound no charm possess'd,
Sorrow alone reign'd empress o'er my breast.
Heedless I pass'd the stupid, sordid crew,
Till *Redcliffe's* gothic (*x*) spire appear'd in view ;
That sainted beacon, fraught with magic sway,
To guide the pilgrim poet on his way.
Warm fancy soon awaken'd pity's sigh,
And mem'ry op'd the sluices of mine eye ;
My o'erfraught feelings own'd the genial guest,
And tears gave freedom to my surcharg'd breast :
I stood absorb'd, as if my wand'ring mind
Had clos'd on life and cares of human kind.
Yet soon this pleasing apathy was broke,
By human accents from the trance awoke ;
I turn'd around, and with obsequious smile,
Beheld the portress of this hallow'd pile,
Who, little heeding melancholy's trace,
That deep impress'd its signet on my face,
Uprais'd the key, when anxious to explore
Interior grandeur, straight the willing door

Yielded admittance to that peaceful spot,
Where princely *Canning* (*y*) shares each mortal's lot,
Slumbers in peace, more bless'd from innate worth,
Than scepter'd monarchs of imperial birth.
I gaz'd around, while ev'ry object brought
Some speaking record to my busy thought ;
" Here oft," I sigh'd, " the minstrel of this scene
" Wou'd pause, and contemplate the sculptur'd mien
" Of him he honor'd with a patron's name,
" For monkish *Rowley* weaving wreaths of fame ;
" Clothing his genius with the phrase of yore,
" To honor ancient times with modern lore ;
" As if the rough set gem did not impart
" Lustre like that enchas'd by workman's art :
" Exterior trappings 'lure the vulgar sight,
" But genius, like the sun, scorns borrow'd light ;
" It reigns unrivall'd, to astound the gaze,
" And fills its sphere with undiminish'd blaze."
One object more remain'd to kindle thought,
And fresh enchain my soul, with feeling fraught ;

Anxious I trod each winding step, to gain
The chamber drear where coffers yet remain
That once the records of past times conceal'd,
Records, which *Chatterton* alone reveal'd ;
Who deck'd each simple fact of prose uncouth
With inspiration of poetic youth,
Made *Bawdin's* (*z*) fate in numbers sweet appear,
And draw from ev'ry eye the pitying tear.
Alone I enter'd this *portentous* (*a*) room,
As Sol's last radiance chas'd eve's mantling gloom ;
Through apertures where casements ne'er yet hung,
The moaning breeze 'midst dismal vacuum wrung ;
Each pond'rous chest with iron clamps array'd,
Bereft of cov'ring, emptiness display'd ;
Aloft the tatter'd cobwebs wav'd in air,
Shunn'd by their former tenants in despair ;
While 'neath the footstep dust the pavement dight,
Mingled with odour of the birds of night :
I paus'd contemplative, since that lone room
Fir'd boyish talent to defy earth's doom ;

Led budding genius to expand its pow'r,
And bloom unrivall'd for a short liv'd hour :
For as it blossom'd, fate with envy gave
The stern decree, and doom'd it to the grave.
Sick'ning with retrospect, I bade adieu,
Yet linger'd still, to take one parting view ;
For trivial objects, to the feeling soul,
Possess a magic that defies controul,
In spite of manhood's reason—chain the will,
And make philosophy an infant still.
With measur'd pace and melancholy air,
I 'gan descend the turret's winding stair,
And oftimes listened to the echoing sound,
That seem'd to speak some following foot's rebound ;
I paus'd—methought his spirit wander'd near ;
I list'ned—but no sound broke stillness drear ;
And fraught with strong emotions, join'd once more
My kind conductress at Saint Mary's door ;
Dropp'd the expected fee, then silent sped,
To wander 'midst the records of the dead.

▪
Weary at length, upon a tomb reclin'd,
I gave indulgence to my sad'ned mind ;
Pictur'd the monumental marble nigh,
That veil'd the poet's dust from mortal eye ;
And as my soul for martyr'd genius bled,
I breath'd these numbers to its spirit fled.

ELEGY.

ELEGIAC STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF

Thomas Chatterton.

INGENIS STAT SINE MORTE DECUS.

FROM thoughts domestic, and from man I turn,
To shed unseen the tributary tear ;
To bend the knee to this neglected urn,
And breathe the language of a soul sincere.

Farewell to mirth ! farewell the festive throng !
And all the transitory joys of life !
Farewell the dance, the soul-enlivening song,
Domestic harmony, ambition's strife !

Farewell to all ! for jocund thoughts are fled,
And melancholy now usurps my mind :
Welcome, thou mansion of the peaceful dead,
And welcome moanings of the passing wind !

More pleasing is thy gloom sad cypress tree,
Than all the chequer'd sweets of lovely May ;
More grateful are yon orb's pale beams to me,
Than all the lustre of resplendant day.

Sleep on, melodious songsters of the grove !
All, save the nightingale, be hush'd in peace :
Fly to the scenes of sweet content and love ;
For here your warblings must for ever cease.

This hallow'd spot entombs a mind of fire,
For genius lies enshrin'd beneath this stone ;
His soaring brain proclaim'd at once his sire,
'Twas bright Apollo stamp'd him for his own.

He travell'd not the trodden path to fame,
But boldly dar'd essay a nobler flight ;
Pedantic and malignant souls might blame,
He smil'd contemptuous from the madd'ning height.

What though uncouth the language of his verse ?
The monkish phrase his mind could not conceal ;
His strains the bold and plaintive could rehearse,
Could wake to energy, or make ye feel.

But dull *Bristolians* forc'd him thence to roam,
The soil ungenerous he indignant fled ;
Hope told him he might elsewhere find an home,
He sought, and found it—with the silent dead.

O, shame ! and in great *London's* ample space
Was no compassionating bosom found ;
No fostering hand, that might his woes efface,
And minister to mis'ry's bleeding wound ?

Where slumber'd then the patrons of the great,
The great in genius, not the great in name ?
Not one stood forth to snatch him from his fate ;
As deaf to pity, as immortal fame.

Who boasts the patronage of merit now ?
England's Apollo is a golden god ;
To Croesus each sends forth his fervent vow,
To glowing genius senseless as the clod.

Methinks I hear some angry tongue exclaim,
Had I but known him, he had not been poor ;
'Tis false ; for one and all ye are the same,
If living now, you'd thrust him from your door.

Such pageantry of words the poor might give,
Boasting did never yet an impost pay ;
But if one wish wou'd bid the suppliant live,
You'd prize its worth, and heedless turn away.

Mean despicable soul, which thus can bend,
 To proffer bounty, when the beggar's fled ;
To ape the manners of a feeling friend,
 For him long number'd with the silent dead.

No more, sweet youth, thy dulcit song shall sound,
 Those tones melodious are for ever mute ;
Those chords are crack'd, which erst wou'd vibrate round,
 When thy bold hand would strike the trembling lute.

Thy pale and bloodless mien methinks I view,
 Thy locks dishevell'd and thy sunken eye ;
The morbid tinge, dread death's portending hue,
 The unfurl'd banner of fell misery.

Still to the last, I see thy dauntless look,
 The speaking herald of thine innate pride ;
The fire of conscious worth, which ne'er forsook
 The soul where nature meant it to reside.

Now at his side stands resolute despair,

She thrusts the goblet in his trembling hand ;

Drink, she exclaims, and end thy mortal care,

Drink, and fly far from earth's hard hearted band.

Poor, friendless, starving, ev'ry woe conspir'd

To prompt the action which might yield relief :

Come, fate, he cried, with agony inspir'd ;

And welcom'd death, to terminate his grief.

Cold, senseless marble, still must I complain,

Still on thy surface let my anguish flow ;

Still vent the sigh, to ease my bosom's pain,

And waft to thee my heart-oppressing woe.

Farewell, sweet youth, one bosom still can melt,

Still gaze with anguish, and thy woes deplore ;

Still vainly sooth the suff'rings thou hast felt,

Those agonies which thou canst feel no more.

UNCONSCIOUS while I thus gave sadness sway,
How rapid time's swift wing bore hours away ;
I woke not from the trance, till midnight's knell
Sounded in brazen notes from *Redcliffe's* bell ;
The silv'ry orb diffus'd a ray serene,
And silence held sole empire o'er the scene.
No footsteps dar'd the realms of death invade,
And brush the night-dew from the moisten'd glade ;
The solemn silence deeper awe impress'd,
And thoughts portentous sway'd my aching breast :
When, from a turret of *Saint Mary's* fane,
A radiant blaze illum'd night's awful reign.

Hush'd was the screech-owl's shrill foreboding sound,
No more the bat perform'd its mazy round ;
The brilliant glare awoke my mental dream,
I rear'd my gaze, and by the vivid beam
Beheld a Phoenix from its fire arise,
And wing a flight seraphic to the skies ;
From whose bright flame appear'd with angel grace,
Two beamy spirits of ethereal space ;
The thrill of terror shook my mortal frame,
As sounds harmonious softly breath'd my name ;
Which thus continu'd : “ Friend of slighted worth,
“ Lo ! here you see two angels once of earth ;
“ In me behold that *Chatterton* you mourn,
“ By man's neglect from mundane annals torn,
“ While at my side, tho' far more ripe in years,
“ The form of *Bastard Savage* now appears.
“ Think not as damned spirits of the night
“ We stalk from graves, to blast thy fear-struck sight;
“ Impell'd by injuries, thro' life endur'd,
“ To thee we fly ; from conduct well assur'd,

“ That thou wilt prove avenger of our woes,
“ And lull our injur’d souls to calm repose.”
One spirit ceas’d, when lo ! the other cried,
“ Thou know’st dull *Bristol*, and its grov’ling pride ;
“ Straight to thy scourge of satire, scorpions twine,
“ One lash be *Chatterton’s*, the other mine :
“ As for myself, tho’ doom’d by wayward fate
“ To sojourn in this land, and curse my state,
“ Tho’ penury assail’d my parting hour,
“ I spurn’d its riches, and despis’d its pow’r ;
“ For which it left my mortal frame to rot
“ With baser earth, neglected and forgot.
“ Still this I’d pardon, and with conscious pride
“ Disdain its vengeance and its scorn deride ;
“ But to behold one stripling of its race,
“ As great in genius, as its sons are base ;
“ View in mere boyhood brightest talents shine,
“ And see all patronage remain supine ;
“ To future times shall pass such taste deprav’d,
“ And *Bristol’s* character in brass be ’grav’d ;

- “ Thine be the labour to inscribe her shame,
“ And from the page of science blot her name ;
“ Avenge the suff’rings of this injur’d youth,
“ The cause is noble, for thy plea is truth :
“ Nor need one falsehood e’er thy page imbue,
“ The lash most poignant when the picture’s true.
“ In this *Bristolians* scorn a mask to wear,
“ Secure in ignorance, contempt they dare ;
“ Unblushing boast themselves to meanness prone,
“ And glory that *true baseness* is their (*b*) own.”

Great *Savage* paus’d, and *Chatterton* again,

In melancholy accents, breath’d this strain :

- “ O ! could they but have seen my frame, a prey
“ To famine’s tortures, sealing life’s decay ;
“ Could they have felt cold hunger’s gnawing fangs,
“ That ceaseless wrung me with convulsive pangs ;
“ Sure soft compunction had assum’d its part,
“ To prove that *Bristol* still possess’d an heart :
“ But ah ! unpitied and bereft of friend,
“ Fell desperation urg’d me to my end ;

“ Conscious of talent, pride my bosom fir’d ;
“ Alone I suffer’d, and alone expir’d.
“ Such was my fate :—Oh ! advocate my cause,
“ Judge the unfeeling by the sternest laws ;
“ But last of all, if jealous of renown,
“ Some hand (*c*) wou’d rob me of fame’s verdant crown ;
“ Prove thou the champion of my slander’d muse,
“ And with thy vengeance satire’s gall infuse :
“ So shall my spirit be for ever blest,
“ And for thyself procure Elysium’s rest.
“ Farewell,” with piteous tone, the phantom cried ;
“ Farewell,” the *Bastard Savage* solemn sigh’d :
The visions faded, while with fervor ray’d,
I vow’d to heav’n their wills should be obey’d ;
Since which eventful hour, my teeming brain
Has toil’d to lull their soul’s indignant pain ;
Just to my oath, some future flight shall prove,
I spurn the enemies of those I love :
Savage and *Chatterton*, your cause is mine ;
Lur’d by such talents, let my efforts shine :

May *Bristol's* shame, thro' me, to ages pass,
Bristol, of ignorance the saddled ass ;
Whose leaden hoofs defile the groaning earth;
Fell grave of *wisdom*, and the tomb of *worth*.

THE WRITER'S ADDRESS TO

Thomas Chatterton.

GENIUS ON FAME'S ETERNAL WING,
SOARING FROM MENTAL BONDAGE FREE ;
EXCLAIMS " O ! DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING ?
O ! GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY ?

O ! tender stripling from the Muse's tree,
Dear child of Fancy's wildest poesy ;
Is it once more my fate to weep thy doom,
And damp the rising sod that marks thy tomb ?
Say, can the lot be mine to drop one tear,
From sluices drain'd upon thy hallow'd bier ?
While others living might thy worth proclaim,
And braid thy mem'ry with the wreath of fame :

Yes ; such is man's applause, whose lengthen'd pow'r,
Measures the circuit of one fleeting hour ;
In which short space the feelings run their race,
And chaos buries hope of future grace.
Then mine be still the task, in humbler lays,
To offer tribute to thy blooming bays,
And stamp thee from the course thy genius trod ;
In years the *stripling*, but in SENSE THE GOD.

EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED BY FAME UPON THE TOMB OF GENIUS.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

Epitaph,

INSCRIBED BY FAME UPON THE TOMB OF GENIUS.

TREMEND'OUS Death, fell monarch of the grave,
Thy yawning sepulchre now meets my sight,
Unfathomable gapes corruption's cave,
Colder than ice—black as chaotic night.

Amid these realms, 'thron'd in imperial state,
The boney spectre with a ghastly grin
Beholds the *Parcæ's* toil, and hails that *fate*
Which stamps thy monarchy—O ! damning sin.

Firm in his grasp the deadly sceptre view,
That dart of adamant no pow'r can shield ;
Mark round his temples of cadaverous hue,
The iron crown, to which all nations yield.

Paly his robe like blasting meteor flows,
Winds pestilential, sweep before his throne
His ceaseless hymn ; ten million mundane woes,
The shrieks of anguish and the dying groan.

Yet, though thy tyrant sway man's pow'r defies ;
Though terror grim awaits thy rueful nod :
Forth from thy cavern still a spirit flies,
To reign immortal in the realms of God.

Bright soaring *genius* bursts the frozen spell,
Inwrapp'd by glory's everlasting blaze,
Severs the brazen gates of death and hell ;
While *fame's* loud blast for ever trumps its praise.

Such is the spirit by this urn enshrin'd,
Hail, reverently hail ! the hallow'd tomb ;
Confess the paragon of human-kind,
GENIUS ; that soars above *death's* *fateful* doom.

DELINEATION OF THE FATE OF

A Modern Poet.

NURTUR'D by tenderness, the poet's mind
Dreams not of ills attendant on mankind ;
A father's love inculcates wisdom's lay,
Maternal fondness kindles feeling's ray :
Thus boyhood passes 'midst one blissful scene,
No storm arising clouds his course serene,
He lives to taste on earth celestial glow,
The short liv'd reign of spotless bliss below.

Expanding youth next wakens fancy's thrill,
Guileless himself, he knows no worldly ill ;
Yields to those feelings heav'n itself inspires,
And fans with energy the mental fires :

No luke-warm passion there assumes controul,
Vivid each impulse of his glowing soul ;
Love lights his torch, the subtle poison flows,
He quaffs the bane—nor thinks of future woes.
’Tis then some Laura wakes the poet’s strain,
His tuneful numbers breathe extatic pain ;
Love, mighty love—implanting thus the thorn ;
Bids the youth learn he is a poet-born.
Fir’d with the thought, he hails the glorious name,
And wings his way towards the realms of fame ;
Nor feels a check, till robb’d of vital breath,
Parental fondness sleeps with icy death.
With them he finds life’s main support is gone,
Amidst the mundane storm he stands alone ;
No frigid rules to pilot his career,
And keep his bark from mis’ry’s breakers clear.
The fond dream flies :—want nurtures mental strife,
Sorrow the beacon of his wretched life :
To desperation driv’n, warm genius cries,
Attune the lyre, and bid the muse arise :

He strikes the string, his sterling numbers sound,
And swelling pathos echoes wide around.
Proud of this dawning offspring of his brain,
Reviving hope from sorrow plucks the rein ;
Conscious of worth, and seeking to acquire
That meed which should attend the poet's fire,
The bard elated greets the mart renown'd,
And hopes his labour may with fame be crown'd ;
Before some great Mæcenas lays his toil,
Whose pompous ignorance makes sense recoil ;
Leaves fancy's offspring in the hands of pride,
That *folly* thus on *merit* may decide.
The poet calls, recalls, and calls again,
To catch this lord of types he tries in vain ;
Now much engag'd, none can Mæcenas see,
Bus'ness employs his high sublimity ;
Now far from toils he lolls at some retreat,
Yclepp'd his villa, or his country seat :
Vainly from week to week the bard applies,
His wants encreasing as hope's vision flies.

At length this frigid fiat meets his view,
His muse, devoid of merit, will not do;
Dejected, he another source essays,
Anew he feels the horror of delays :
Or when he feels his drooping heart reviv'd,
And hopes the hour of meeting is arriv'd ;
Some wealthy blockhead supersedes the claim,
Whose toils ensure him everlasting shame ;
Some man of fortune, who no fee requires,
Prates of his labour which no genius fires ;
On *Della Cruscan* style gives praise full scope,
Nor deigns applaud a *Dryden* or a *Pope* :
In fine, the modern school, with dunce-like pride,
Has turn'd true classic elegance aside ;
A bastard progeny now stands enroll'd,
An heterogeneous mass of *new* and *old* ;
Poor wreathing taste now feels expiring pain,
And yields in silence, since reproof were vain.
Such are the men each *lord of letters* greets
With fulsome eulogies, lip-labour'd sweets ;

Such are the sources of true merit's curse,
Requiting folly's strain with ample purse ;
While glowing genius in seclusion sighs,
And, nipp'd by penury, with sorrow dies.
Among these mighty despots of the press,
Thus toils the poet, sinking with distress :
At length worn out, some paltry stipend gains
This sterling offspring of the muse's pains ;
Applause ensues, editions new arise,
The bard is lauded to his kindred skies :
Such the sole fee these *lords of science* give ;
Thus poets starve, that publishers may live.

Sonnet

IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF EDMUND SPENSER.

Sweet impe of faerie land, wou'd I mote praise
 Thy heav'nly fancy with poetic mind ;
 Would I mote herie with thy soaring lays,
 Describe my thoughts in virelays refin'd,
 Showing the bard and scholar both combin'd ;
 So should I think myself renown'd for ever :
 But, weal-away, 'tis not for me design'd,
 Apollo's mandate did the spell dissever ;
 Thy rimes, great *Spenser*, I shall equal never :
 Thou the proud sun, beaming magnifick splendor ;
 Myself the star, scarce twinkling what is clever,
 Glad at thy baies my weak wit to surrender :
 Then all I hope is, from thy glitterand beames
 To gild my little orb with radiant gleams.

IMPE - - - - OFFSPRING.
 MOTE - - - - MIGHT.
 HERIE - - - - PRAISE, CELE-
 BRATE.

DESCRIVE - - - DESCRIBE.
 VIRELAYS - - - POETIC SONGS.
 WEAL-AWAY - - ALAS.
 GLITTERAND - - GLITTERING.

Lines

IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF MILTON;

BEING THE OPENING OF AN INTENDED POEM UPON

THE OCEAN.

Flow, restless ocean, turbulent, sublime,
Incessant flow :—to thee, vast wat'ry world,
I tune the solemn strain, and list thy roar,
Expansion buoyant, scene magnificent ;
Thou vasty deep, whereon reflective glows
Day's burning, penetrative beam ; whose plane,
Earth's mirror, shews the concave bright of heav'n ;
Thee I invoke :—or peaceful, or perturb'd,—
By day, by night, thy grandeur still displays
The sov'reign signet of Omnipotence.
O that these eyes might pierce thy liquid depths,
Instructing thus mine anxious mind to solve

Unfathomable secrets of thy womb !
So should bold truth give genius rapid wing,
To paint the wonders of thy dread abyss,
And give expression tenfold energy.
Back to thine earthy bourn, conviction cries ;
My genius sickens, and my soul recoils,
As on the tow'ring cliff I pause aghast,
While to my palsied sense the angry surge,
In thunders roaring, speaks me but a *man*.
Stripp'd, destitute I stand, of plea bereft,
To act the darling purpose of my soul ;
In vain I turn, a cheerless gloom pervades,
Tho' eager genius pictures still fond hope,
Alluring to the task.—Dare I proceed ?
Will procreative fancy boldly plunge
Amidst the element's profundity ?
Can the imagination, kindling hot,
Embody regions unexplor'd ?—I breathe !
Fresh vigour nerves me to essay the task,
And launch my bark of genius on a sea,
Fathomless and illimitable.—

IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF

Butler.

FOLLY IS SUPPOSED TO ADDRESS HERSELF TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,
WHOM SHE ENLISTS UNDER HER BANNER.

I'D have friend reader understand,
All such as fight by sea or land ;
Whether they gain the victory,
Or turning tail, from battle flee ;
Run sculls 'gainst sense so plump contrary,
They're rear'd up at same seminary,
And issue forth spick span from school,
The soldier zany—sailor fool,
Fit lacqueys of the fife and drum,
That urge 'em on to kingdom come :
For all who 'tend Bellona's call,
Must needs expect *dead march* in Saul.

The sons of Mars who curse and swear,
Are under my peculiar care ;
From first to last I prove the star,
And shine their goddess tutelar :
But that ye may not want for proof,
And say I strive to skulk aloof ;
Dares any this one fact deny,
That soldiers fight they know not why ?
And is not he a fool by trade,
Who seeks in coffin to be laid ?
Does not my youthful soldier doat
On fine embroider'd scarlet coat,
Which doth my damsels fair amaze,
So riveting on them their gaze,
That they are ever hearts entangling
With love, and practise arch eye-angling ?
For, perch'd at window, optics throw
Beams, to catch officers below ;
Who upraise glance from 'neath long cock
Of hat—thus giving miss a shock,

As dreadful as when dart did truss
For Mars, the heart of bright Venus.
What girl can view an officer,
And not in bosom feel a stir ?
My men of war at love are teasers,
And think themselves so many Cæsars ;
'Fore whom no lady can hold out,
But must on summons yield redoubt :
In scull to think of hoarding sense,
Would be but inconvenience ;
Thus with the same they do dispense ;
Full well assur'd, when in a fray,
Wits would impel to run away ;
So firmly to abide th' event,
They never furnish tenement :
Wherefore to fight all soldiers come,
With empty pericranium ;
A shield best fitted to defy
Greetings of foe's artillery.

As for those fellows who ne'er roam,
But keep their carcasses at home ;
In streets of county towns to amble,
And nothing do but wench and gamble :
They merely are a Sunday crew,
That have no useful thing to do.
Now to my tars 'tis fit I speak,
Whose noses none will dare to tweak ;
A tribe that prove to Frenchmen *gall*,
With heads as dense as cannon-ball ;
Who scoff at death, tho' far from vicious,
Yet prove in trifles superstitious :
For woe betide that fellow's neck,
That dares to whistle when on deck ;
• An omen that will tempests court,
And keep the ship from destin'd port.
And there's one story past denying,
I mean the sprite of Dutchman flying ;
Which countless mariners have seen,
Dipping huge breech in briny green.

But soft, to war-ship let's compare,
Sailor—and prove resemblance fair (*d*).
First, the salt-sea that bark on urges,
Of life are the tempestuous surges ;
The chilling winds which furious blow,
All passions of the bosom show ;
Next, from his body we may cull
The man of war's huge *bulk* or *hull* ;
Thirdly, his neck the *stem* doth show,
The *keel's* pourtray'd by's back below ;
His ribs are *planks*, his bones are beams,
Gristles are *pintles*, veins the *seams* ;
Fourthly, his heart doth show *hold fast*,
His bowels are the true *ballast* ;
To *chopping-knives* we'll liken teeth,
Stomach's the *cook-room* plac'd beneath ;
Concoction is the cauldron boiling,
And lungs the *bellows* ever toiling ;
Sixthly, when appetite makes stir,
The sauce best suited is hunger :

The *deck's* his belly, if ye please,
And *cabin's close* his two kidneys ;
His hand and arm none e'er mistook,
Resembling so a ship's *can-hook* ;
For bulk head next I'll take midriff,
While *steerage-room's* the scull so stiff ;
Next, ears the *scuttles* chief expose,
And eyes display *cabin windows* :
Seventhly, his mouth the *stowage* catches,
While lips twain do denote the *hatches* ;
His nostrils *gratings* are for air,
His chin's the *figure* head so fair ;
The forehead is the *upper deck*,
Rudder is reason—form'd to check ;
The *anchor's* resolution plain,
And constancy's the sure *capstane* ;
Those noble masts, fore, main, and mizen,
Are faith, hope, charity, so wizen ;
Lastly, I must not be forgot,
For folly is the ship's *pilot* ;

Escorting crew, poor pent up souls,
To quick-sands, rocks, and dang'rous shoals ;
Leaving their loves to give 'em horns,
And make 'em *famous* unicorns.
Is't not at sea a glorious sight,
To view my fools engag'd in fight ;
When they for honour's sake strive hard,
And one another's fleets bombard ;
As if old Nick himself had got 'em,
And stirr'd 'em up to seek the bottom ?
To daddy Noah much is due,
Since 'tis to him I owe this crew ;
Who boldly ventur'd on the waters,
To save wife, sons, beasts, birds, and daughters ;
And thus as deluge he did sail on,
Prov'd that he was a great *Deuca-lon*.

* * * * *



Stanzas

IN IMITATION OF

CHATTERTON'S ROWLEY MANUSCRIPTS.

S_PLETE ys my heart, ne gelten joye I finde,
 Thy levynde bronde, O misiree, reignes yn mee ;
 The glommed sprytes enalse mye pynant mynde,
 Moneynge, I kenne thy boleynge poesie ;
 With dew-dank'd eine the merrie lay forgett,
 And seeme lyke Wynnterr's sonn forr evirr set.
 Sad sownds mye minstrelsee ;
 The poyntelle's glowe
 Lyes cale belowe,
 All nethe the cypress tree.

S_PLETE - - - - RIV'D.
 GELTEN - - - - GILDED.
 LEVYNDE - - - - BLASTED.
 BRONDE - - - - SHAFT.
 GLOMMED - - - - CLOUDED.
 SPRYTES - - - - SPIRITS.
 ENALSE - - - - EMBRACE.
 PYNANT - - - - PINING.
 MONEYNGE - - - LAMENTING.

KENNE - - - - FEEL, KNOW.
 BOLEYNGE - - - - SWELLING.
 DANK'D - - - - DAMP'D.
 EINE - - - - EYE.
 SONN - - - - SUN.
 POYNTELLE'S - - POET'S.
 CALE - - - - COLD.
 NETHE - - - - BENEATH.

Brighte was hys eine as glestreynge star onn hygh,
 Aborne the crine thatt wav'd hys fronte arounde,
 Erect hys semlykene mett kindred skie,
 Hee cawghte enthoghteynge the seraphique sownde ;
 Thenn seized the lyre and tun'd the adynge laye,
 Bot now in storth the iss levynde fancie's ray.
 Sad sowndes mye minstrellsee ;
 The poyntelle's glowe
 Lyes cale belowe,
 All nethe the cypress tree.

Chill'dys thatt forme whych mannhode scant proclaim'd,
 Acal'd the perpled stremes off dawyngye yoth ;
 Fledd ys thatt spryte bye alle the muses fam'd,
 Loste ys the berne of poesie and sothe ;

EINE - - - - EYE.
 GLESTREYNGE - SHINING.
 ABORNE - - - - BURNISHED.
 CRINE - - - - HAIR.
 SEMLYKENE - - VISAGE.
 ETHOGHTEYNGE THINKING.
 ADYNGE - - - - NERVOUS.
 BOT - - - - BUT.
 STORTHE - - - DEATH.

LEVYNDE - - - BLASTED.
 SCANT - - - - SCARCE.
 ACALD - - - - FROZE.
 PERPLED - - - PURPLE.
 YOTH - - - - YOUTH.
 SPRYTE - - - - SPIRIT.
 BERNE - - - - CHILD.
 SOTHE - - - - TRUTH.

Mute ande unstrong beholde hys mytte lyre,

No hond lyke hys to wake enjoyous fire.

Sad sowndes mye minstrelsee ;

The poyntelle's glow

Lyes cale belowe,

All nethe the cypress tree.

Here then with moneynge mynde I'll weepe mye doome,

And sylente shedd the dernie groted teare ;

Cherysh, O cypress tree, thy mysterk gloome,

Ande hallowe styll the spott thatt shrynes thye biere ;

And as mye lamentes greette the houton wynde,

Yn teneing lees I thos wyll breathe mye minde :

Sadd sowndes mye minstrelsee ;

The poyntelle's glow

Lyes cale belowe,

All nethe the cypress tree.

MYTTE - - - - MIGHTY.

HOND - - - - HAND.

ENJOYOUS - - - ENRAPTURED.

MONEYNGE - - - LAMENTING.

DERNIE - - - - CRUEL.

GROTED - - - - SWOLLEN.

MYSTERK - - - MYSTIC.

LAMENTES - - - LAMENTATIONS.

HOUTON - - - - HOLLOW.

TENEING - - - - SORROWING.

LEES - - - - - LAYS; SONGS.

THOS - - - - - THUS.



THE

Foregoing Stanzas

IN THE MODERN STYLE OF VERSIFICATION.

SAD is my heart, no beamy joy I find,
Thy cruel dart, O misery, reigns in me ;
Sorrow holds empire o'er my thoughtful mind,
Moaning I 'list thy swelling poesy ;
With humid eyes the cheerful lay forget,
And seem like Winter's sun, for ever set ;
Sad sounds my minstrelsy ;
The poet's glow
Lies cold below,
All under the cypress tree.

Bright were his orbs as glitt'ring stars on high,
Glossy the locks that wav'd his front around,
Erect his visage gaz'd on kindred sky,
He caught enwrapp'd the sphere's seraphic sound ;
Then seiz'd the lyre, and tun'd an heav'nly lay,
But now in death is blighted fancy's ray ;
Sad sounds my minstrelsy ;
The poet's glow
Lies cold below,
All under the cypress tree.

Chill'd is that form which manhood scarce proclaim'd,
Froze are the purple streams of dawning youth ;
Fled is that spirit by the muses fam'd,
Lost is the child of poetry and truth ;
Mute and unstrung behold his matchless lyre,
No hand to emulate the god-like fire ;
Sad sounds my minstrelsy ;
The poets glow
Lies cold below,
All under the cypress tree.

Here then with pensive mind I'll weep thy doom,

And silent shed the sadly swelling tear ;

Cherish, O cypress tree, thy mournful gloom,

And hallow still the spot that shrines thy bier ;

And as my moanings greet the sullen wind,

In sorrowing numbers thus I'll breathe my mind :

Sad sounds my minstrelsy ;

'The poet's glow

Lies cold below,

All under the cypress tree.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(a) **T**HE first production of Edmund Spenser was the Shepherd's Kalendar, which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, who became his patron, and introduced him at court: our poet was also intimately acquainted with Sir Erasmus Dryden, whose wife's relative is the Rosalinde commemorated by Spenser.

(b) When it is remembered that two centuries did not elapse from the death of Chaucer to the demise of Spenser, and that the former was the first writer who emancipated his native tongue from the obscurity into which it had fallen since the period of William the Conqueror, who sedulously introduced the Norman French at court, and in all legal proceedings, &c.; it appears truly surprising that the progress in poetry should have increased with such rapidity as to produce a style of versification so exuberant in fancy as the Fairy Queen of our bard, which, for beautiful imagery, is not to be surpassed by the writings of any genius of later times.

(c) This accomplished young nobleman wrote a volume of songs and sonnets, wherein he celebrates his mistress, (who, the late Earl of Orford informs us, was the daughter of Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare) under the name of *Geraldina*. Having been much abroad, these amatory effusions possess all the classical purity and tender style of the Italian writers. Lord Surry, after serving his country with great valour, fell a victim to the tyrannical jealousy of Henry the Eighth, who pretended to suspect him of a design to marry his daughter Mary: he was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1547.

(d) John Heywood, who was particularly favoured by the sanguinary Mary, on account of his zeal for the Papal cause, wrote a poem, entitled the Spider and Fly, which he calls a parable; it was published in 1596, and is replete with all the bigotry of a religious enthusiast.

(e) Sir Philip Sidney, as gallant in the field as he was erudite in the closet, did not only patronize genius, but was himself the author of a romance entitled *Arcadia*; he also wrote an Apology for Poetry, Sonnets, *Ourania*, a poem, &c.

(f) It is said that Elizabeth, being much gratified with some of Spenser's verses, ordered the Lord Treasurer Burleigh to give him one hundred pounds, on which the old statesman, who had little respect for poets, exclaimed, "What! so much for a song?" to which Elizabeth replied, "Then give him what is *reason*:"

Spenser, however, obtained nothing, in consequence of which he presented her Majesty with the following address, which so pleased the Queen, that she severely reprimanded the Treasurer, and ordered him to pay the poet immediately.—

I was promised, on a time,
To have *reason* for my *rhyme* ;
But from that time to this season,
I have had nor *rhyme* nor *reason*.

(g) In 1579, Spenser was sent abroad upon a mission by the Earl of Leicester, and afterwards accompanied Lord Grey, Viceroy of Ireland, as his secretary, from whom he obtained the grant of some lands in that country, and erected a mansion, where he finished his poem of the Fairy Queen; but in the rebellion began by the Earl of Desmond, our poet lost his estate, and was plundered of all he possessed: he returned to England, and died at Westminster, in 1598, when his body was buried in the Abbey, and a monument erected to his memory, by Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex.

(h) Alluding to the classical and truly poetic mask of Comus, originally written for the then Earl of Bridgewater, and performed by his sons and daughter at Ludlow Castle.

(i) Milton's justly celebrated *Il Penseroso*, and *Allegro*.

(j) It is scarcely credible that a poem so replete with expansion of thought, and godlike imagery, as Milton's *Paradise Lost*, should have remained unknown during the life-time of the poet, and for many years after. Mr. Dryden, indeed, has given his approbation of the work, and his opinion of the author, in an excellent epigram, generally prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, or subjoined to the portrait of the author; but it was not till Mr. Addison published his admirable critique in the *Spectator*, that the beauties of this extraordinary production of fancy became generally understood, and the whole merits of the poem admired. *Paradise Lost* was first printed in 1667; and for this immortal work *Milton* received but *fifteen pounds*, which were paid by instalments.

(k) It does not appear, from the accounts of Milton's biographers, that he experienced any particular distress of a pecuniary nature during his life-time.

(l) The staunch Puritans were denominated the Saints, and, as a proof of the extent of their fanaticism, many of the leaders annexed scriptural lines to their names; of whom it will be sufficient to record one instance, in the person of a man named *Barebones*, who gave himself the appellation of "*Praise God Barebones*."

(m) The biographers of that period inform us, that Charles the

Second was so very partial to the poem of Hudibras, that he knew it by heart, and was incessantly making quotations from it in common conversation.

(*n*) Butler died in 1680, and was buried in the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; nor was it till 1721, that Alderman Barber, the printer, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

(*o*) There is a very fine mezzo-tinto print of Otway, from which it appears, that in addition to mental excellence, he was gifted by nature with a countenance fascinating in the extreme.

(*p*) It would be needless to lay any particular stress on the irresistible powers which Otway possessed in moving the tender emotions of the soul; it is sufficient to instance his *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*, which will ever continue to be regarded as masterpieces, by every lover of the British Drama.

(*q*) Otway, having been compelled to contract debts, on account of his extreme distress, was at length harrassed by the harpies of the law, when he retired to a public house on Tower Hill. Being bereft of the means of procuring food even for the support of animal nature, after a long procrastinated fast, he ventured forth to solicit charity, when he by chance met a gentleman, who, upon learning his situation, and who he was, gave him a small sum: with this charitable donation poor Otway hurried to a

neighbouring baker's shop, and purchased a small roll, when such was his famished condition, that in his eagerness to alleviate the cravings of hunger, he swallowed the food too precipitately, and was choaked, in his 34th year, A. D. 1685.

(r) The biographers of Dryden inform us, that very shortly after the Fire of London, he engaged to furnish a *certain number of plays yearly*, for which he was to receive an annual stipend.

(s) The Duke of Buckingham held Dryden up to ridicule, in delineating the character of *Bays* in the Rehearsal; and the Earl of Rochester, being offended with some parts in an Essay on Satire, written by our poet and Lord Mulgrave conjointly, caused the former to be way-laid and cudgelled by a party of hired ruffians, on his return home from a coffee-house.

(t) As a dramatic writer, Dryden has never been surpassed; his satires are poignant in the extreme; his critical prefaces are admirable; and when considered in the light of a translator, the Virgil of our bard would be sufficient in itself to establish his reputation on a basis never to be shaken.—The works of this sublime writer are very numerous, and his poetry is uniformly correct, harmonious, and strong.

(u) Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, erected a monument to the memory of Dryden in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey; and I only lament to say, that it is neither worthy its noble pro-

jector, nor calculated to confer due honour upon the renowned genius it is designed to commemorate.

(v) Naham Tate was appointed Poet Laureat in 1692: he was the author of several poems, and, in conjunction with Brady, translated the Psalms into metre.—The best production of this author is a poem on the Death of Queen Anne.

(w) Tate was deprived of the post of Poet Laureat, after which poverty pursued him, and he was imprisoned in the Mint.

(x) The object of Waller's affection was the Lady Dorothy Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he compliments in several poems under the name of *Sacharissa*: this lady, of whom there are some fine portraits at Penshurst in Kent, was certainly a first rate beauty; she proved, however, inexorable to the poet's passion, and became the wife of the Earl of Sunderland.

(y) Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It cou'd not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Go, hoy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the mark
Of noble *Sidney's* birth, when such benign,
Such more than mortal making stars did shine.

Vide Waller's Poem, entitled "At Penshurst."

(*z*) George Lillo was born in London, in 1693: he was a jeweller by trade, but turned his mind to the drama, where he greatly excelled in the pathetic; his plays, though founded upon common incidents, are more affecting than productions of a loftier description. Lillo was a complete master of all those refined touches that subdue the heart, and his tragedies, which are subservient to the cause of virtue, consist of *George Barnwell*, *Fatal Curiosity*, *Arden of Feversham*, and *Elmeric*. He died in 1739, aged 47.

(*a*) In *Elegy the Third*, the poet, speaking of *Nerea's* avarice, thus expresses himself:--

Should Jove descend on floods of liquid ore,
 And golden torrents stream from ev'ry part;
 That craving bosom still wou'd heave for more,
 Not all the gods can satisfy thy heart:
 But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
 My honest love, the mighty wrong repay;
 May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
 And on the shining heaps of rapine prey.

(*b*) *Hammond* was not only possessed of an independant fortune, but held the post of *Equerry* to the Prince of Wales, and was member of parliament for *Truro* in *Cornwall*. His love elegies, which are classically beautiful, were published by *Lord Chesterfield*; he therein speaks of *Miss Talbot*, the object of these effusions, under the titles of *Delia*, *Nerea*, &c.

(c) The following stanzas are taken from a short poem written by Miss Talbot, on reading Hammond's *Elegies* after his death, and are sufficiently explanatory of the above lines,—

And Oh! thou gentlest shade, accept the verse,
Mean tho' it be, yet artlessly sincere,
That pensive thus attends thy silent hearse,
And steals in secret glooms the pious tear.
O, luckless lover! form'd for better days,
For golden years, and ages long ago;
For thee Persephone impatient stays,
For thee the willow and the cypress grow.

(d) It has been asserted, that during the progress of the major part of *Thomson's* divine poem on the Seasons, which is so replete with the most fascinating descriptions of nature in her varied changes, that the bard was actually the resident of a small chamber in a narrow alley of the metropolis, having no object to invigorate his fancy but the brick walls of the opposite houses. After the publication of *Winter*, which appeared alone, and prior to the execution of the other Seasons, it remained for a considerable period totally unnoticed; but its extraordinary merits at length brought it into celebrity, which prompted the author to subjoin the three other Seasons.

(e) Alluding to Goldsmith's charming poem of *The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society*, of which Dr. Johnson said "that there had not been so fine a poem since the time of Mr. Pope."

(f) No man was better enabled from experience to appreciate the privations incidental to human life than *Oliver Goldsmith*, who, prior to the commencement of his literary career in London, had travelled over Holland, Flanders, part of Germany, Switzerland, and the south of France, without frequently possessing a farthing in his purse. Luckily for our poet, he played with much taste upon the flute, which served him in lieu of money; as upon approaching a village, he would frequently commence a sprightly air, thus drawing the peasants around him, who never failed to recompence the musician with food and lodging, without any idea whatsoever of pecuniary remuneration.

(g) Our poet gave an early specimen of the philanthropy of his disposition, for, when a young man, and studying physic at Edinburgh, he became bound as security for a fellow-student in embarrassed circumstances, on which account he was obliged to escape to England, but was arrested at Sunderland, and released from the bailiffs' hands by two college friends, whom he accidentally met with at that place.

(h) It is generally understood that *Goldsmith* was employed by a bookseller in London to write *Goody Two Shoes* and other children's books, being in want of better employment.

(i) When the Vicar of Wakefield appeared, our poet's circumstances were respectable; he inhabited genteel chambers in the Temple, and might have bade defiance to the approaches of want, had it not been for the unvarying liberality of his disposi-

tion, and a most unfortunate predilection for gaming, which involved him in frequent difficulties.

(j) It is almost needless to offer any encomium on *Goldsmith's* delightful novel of the Vicar of Wakefield, which, as a representation of simplicity of manners and witching pathos, has never yet been surpassed in the annals of literature.

(k) Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, having lived for some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, determined on making an open avowal of adultery, in order to procure a separation, and for this purpose declared that the child with which she was at that time pregnant, was the offspring of an amour she had had with Earl Rivers; and such proved the origin of Richard Savage, who was born in 1697. This unnatural mother then caused her child to be brought up without a knowledge of his origin, and framed a story of his death, to prevent his father from leaving him a proper support. Upon the dissolution of his nurse, Savage discovered some papers that revealed this mystery, but every effort which he in consequence made to ingratiate himself with his mother, proved ineffectual: it is also known, that after this cruelty upon her part, the discarded Savage would parade before his mother's mansion for hours together, in order to catch a transient glimpse of her, if possible; and, upon one occasion, finding the street door open, he rushed up to her chamber, and threw himself at her feet, in the hope of humanizing her relentless heart, when instantly summoning her domestics, she ordered him to be

turned into the street, alledging, that his intention was to take her life. Upon another occasion, when this neglected genius had unfortunately killed a man in a drunken frolic, his mother devised every means in her power to procure his execution, which diabolical step was frustrated, and Savage received the royal pardon. After many vicissitudes of fortune, our poet, having been arrested for a small debt, died a prisoner in Bristol jail, where he was buried, at the expence of the keeper, *Mr. Dagg*, who had, prior to his dissolution, shewed him every attention, boarding him at his own table, and giving him a room to himself, without any prospect whatsoever of remuneration.

(*l*) The following lines form part of a short poem written upon the Death of *Richard Savage, Esq.* by an unknown hand, bearing the signature Y.

Born with a manly heart, of noble blood,
 Happy thy genius, and thy temper good,
 How fair a prospect, gen'rous youth, was thine,
 Had but propitious fortune pleas'd to shine;
 But science scarce had woo'd thee to her breast,
 Ere rising clouds thy dawn of life o'ercast;
 Loud blew the storm--its tumult now in vain--
 And friendly death has set thee free from pain.

(*m*) A poem entitled the *Bastard*, is the most spirited production of *Savage's* muse.

(n) *Dr. Johnson*, who was the friend and associate of our bard, has given the biography of *Savage* in his *Lives of the Poets* with such manly elocution and dignity of style, as cannot fail to class the life of *Savage* among the greatest productions of that *Pioneer of English Literature*.

(o) The following quotation is from the before-mentioned poem :—

Lamented *bard* ! forgive the weeping *muse*,
 Who points the failings where she can't accuse ;
 Like thee, on life's tempestuous ocean tost,
 Oppress'd by sorrows, by misfortunes cross'd ;
 Yet let her pay these honours to thy tomb,
 There let the *laurels* smile, the *myrtles* bloom ;
 There let the graces pleasing vigils keep,
 And kindly watch their bard's untroubled sleep ;
 Let an eternal verdure there be seen,
 Hid all thy faults beneath the flow'ry green ;
 Each passion lost thy easy nature sway'd,
 Each devious step conceal'd those passions made.
 Let kind indulgence ev'ry frailty blot,
 All but thy merit and thy lays forgot,
 The lays that to enduring fame consign'd,
 Shall mark thee as the friend of human kind.

(p) The great Mr. Pope was so well convinced of the genius

of Savage, that he forgot his accustomed parsimony, and entered his name among the subscribers who assisted this neglected poet in his pecuniary embarrassments.

(*q*) Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol in 1752, and poisoned himself in London, from the pressure of want, A. D. 1770.

(*r*) The following stanza, taken from Chatterton's *Storie of William Canynge*, so well applies to the subject of our verse, that I cannot resist the desire of inserting it.---

In all hys shepen gambols and chylde's plaie,
 In everie merrie makeyng, fayre, or wake;
 I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of wysdom's raie;
 He eate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake.
 As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
 He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

If Chatterton did not allude to himself in penning the above lines, the writer is indeed very much mistaken in his conjecture.

(*s*) As there are yet some individuals at Bristol who are willing to attribute Chatterton's productions to the supposed Rowley, the author, without any wish of arrogating to himself the genius of that sublime youth, has inserted these specimens, in order to prove that it is by no means impossible to accomplish this species of versification; and the writer further begs to assert, that he

could with little trouble accomplish a regular poem in the same style.

(*t*) Chatterton began a correspondence with the late Lord Orford, (then Sir Horace Walpole) and remitted to him several of the supposed Rowley productions; but, upon Sir Horace communicating the papers to his friends *Mason* and *Gray*, they pronounced them to be forgeries. Chatterton had formed very great expectations from the patronage of Sir Horace, but, finding himself shamefully neglected, he wrote a very spirited and indignant letter, demanding the restitution of his MSS. and thus terminated the intercourse.

(*u*) Chatterton pretended that most of the poems which he produced were written by one Rowley, a monk, the friend of Canning, who flourished in the fourteenth century; while others are ascribed to persons said to have lived nearly three hundred years anterior to that epoch: yet, upon comparing these poetical effusions of persons who are stated to have flourished at periods so remote from each other, the same style and mode of versification pervade throughout the whole mass, while these productions are in every respect dissimilar to the known metrical rules of those rude and unlettered times. In short, to assert that these dazzling efforts were the offsprings of such remote antiquity, would be to make a Shakspear, Milton, and a Dryden, exist in ages of poetic barbarism, and thus deprive the eighteenth century of the enviable honour of having produced that resplendant boy Ge-

nus; that blazing sun amidst the hemisphere of poetry, who may very justly be termed, the unmatched prodigy of exuberant nature.

Among the numerous panegyrists of this unfortunate boy, I cannot withhold some names, eminently conspicuous in the world of literature. *Mr. Warton* speaks of Chatterton as “a prodigy of genius, as a singular instance of prematurity of abilities:” and adds, that “he possessed a comprehension of mind, and an activity of understanding, which predominated over his situation, his life, and his opportunities of instruction.”—*Vide History of English Poetry*. *Mr. Malone* believes Chatterton to have been the greatest genius that England has produced since the days of Shakspear.” *Mr. Croft*, the ingenious author of *Love and Madness*, is still more unqualified in his praises; he asserts, “that no such human being, at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known:” he adds, in another place, “an army of Macedonian and Swedish mad butchers indeed fly before him; nor does my memory supply me with any human being who, at such an age, with such disadvantages, has produced such compositions. Under the heathen mythology, superstition and admiration would have explained all, by bringing Apollo upon earth; nor would the god ever have descended with more credit to himself.” *Dr. Knox* gives the following testimony: “Unfortunate boy! short and evil were thy days, but thy fame shall be immortal: hadst thou been known to the munificent patrons of genius,” &c.—*Knox's Essays*, No. 144. Among the poetic eulogists who have handed down Chatterton's fame to

posterity, we find the names of Mrs. Cowley---Mr. Pye, Poet Laureat---Mr. Scot---Hayley---Coleridge---Mrs. Robinson---Miss Helen Maria Williams, &c.

From the *Life of Chatterton*, by G. Gregory, D. D. inserted in the last edition of his works, Vol. I. p. 81, &c.

In *Chatterton's Works*, Vol. II. p. 461, is the following panegyric on this wonderful youth:---

"In identifying the priest of the fifteenth century with the bard of the eighteenth, as far as intellect extends, Chatterton must ever be considered as an almost miraculous being, on whom was showered 'the pomp and prodigality of heaven!' Independantly of his creative faculty, he is to be recognized as one who seemed intuitively to possess what others imperfectly acquire by labour. All difficulties vanished before him; and every branch of knowledge became familiar, to which he momentarily directed his luminous attention.

"When we consider the wonderful acquirements of Chatterton in his short life, the maturity of his understanding, the brilliancy of his fancy, and the accuracy of his taste; the mind indulges in a melancholy but luxurious anticipation of what *another* seventeen years might have produced! But, as it is, he has reared to himself an immortal cenotaph; and it is high time for the public, with a decisive hand, to pluck the borrowed plumes from a fictitious ROWLEY, and to place them on the brow of a real CHATTERTON,

His fame should no longer be divided, but the present generation should boast the honourable distinction of having produced, perhaps, the greatest *genius* that ever appeared in the 'tide of times.'"

J. C.

(*x*) St. Mary Redcliffe's church, a beautiful gothic structure, was built in the reign of Edward the Fourth, by one *Canning*, a rich merchant of Bristol, who, for his opulence and exemplary character, was several times chosen mayor of that city. St. Mary's is the largest parish church in England, and is in every respect calculated to display the great munificence of its mercantile founder.

(*y*) In Redcliffe Church are the monumental effigies of *Canning* and his wife, represented at full length.

(*z*) *Chatterton's* beautiful ballad on the death of Sir Charles Bawdwin, (supposed to have been Sir Baldewyn Fulford, knight) who was beheaded at Bristol, for espousing the Lancastrian cause, requires only a perusal to render the genius of its author conspicuous.

(*a*) This chamber is in one of the turrets of Redcliffe Church, and still contains several empty chests, which are known to have inclosed a multiplicity of deeds and papers that were left by *Canning*. As the father of Chatterton was sexton of the church,

he had access at all times to this solitary and neglected room, from whence he removed numerous old deeds, for the sake of the parchments, which served to cover books, &c. After the father's demise, some of these manuscripts fell into young Chatterton's hands, whose enquiring mind led him to peruse them with avidity, and from the matter therein contained, there is little doubt but he imbibed that extraordinary taste for antique lore, which has eternized his name in the annals of literature.

(b) In *Chatterton's Will*, Vol. III. p. 448, speaking of his native city, he thus expresses himself by comparison :—

“ *Burgum* *, I thank thee, thou hast let me see
That Bristol has impress'd her stamp on thee ;
Thy generous spirit emulates the may'rs,
Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.
Gods ! what would Burgum give to get a name,
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame ?
What would he give to hand his mem'ry down
To time's remotest boundary ?---a crown :
Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue,
Futurity he rates at *two pounds two*.

* Mr. Burgum, a native of Bristol, was very fond of heraldic pursuits, wherefore Chatterton pretended to have found his pedigree, tracing it back for many centuries ; for which, I conjecture, he got no reward whatsoever.

Well, Burgum, rake thy laurel to thy brow,
 With a *rich saddle* decorate a *sow*;
 Strut in iambics, totter in an ode,
 Promise and never pay, and be the mode.

* * * * *

To *Barrett* next; he has my thanks sincere
 For all the little knowledge I had here:
 But what was knowledge? could it here succeed,
 When scarcely twenty in the town can read?"

IN CHATTERTON'S WILL, p. 454.

"To Bristol (I give) all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true, a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it; but it being proved that he was a Papist, the worshipful society of aldermen endeavoured to throttle him with the oath of allegiance."

This production of Chatterton's is particularly satirical.

(c) The above lines allude to a circumstance not very generally known.—The fact is, that some of the leading personages of Bristol, not contented with the remembrance that the want of patronage in their native city drove Chatterton away, which was the origin of his untimely end, have been sedulously employed in

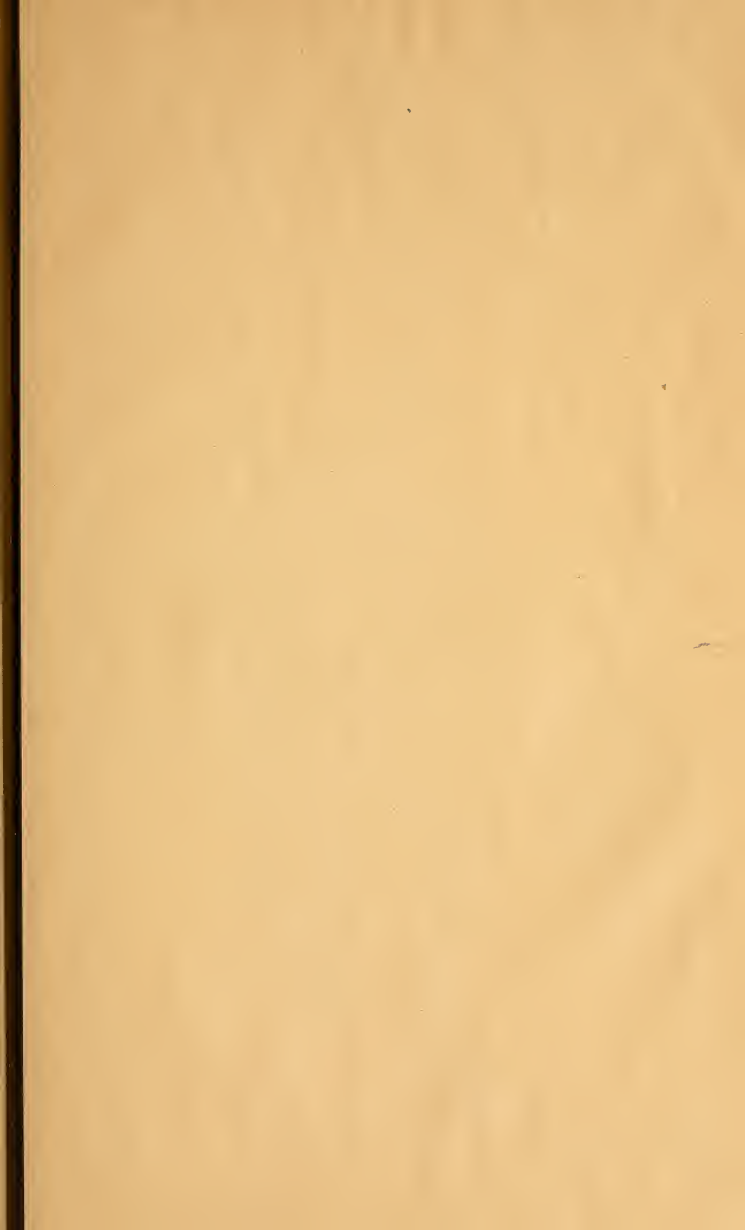
endeavouring to prove that the unfortunate youth was not the author of the Rowley poems, which, they pretend, are the productions of antiquity: it is even said, that there is an intention of *printing these very shrewd discoveries*; in which case, there may appear a *counter mine*, that will at once blow up the labours of these anti-Chattertonian heroes.

THE END.

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